The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908

The Week.

Mr. Taft's change of mind in regard to his speaking trip is now attributed indirectly to the recent law forbidding railway passes. Mr. Taft, it appears, had expected to be waited upon by delegation after delegation, to each of which he was to pour out his soul. But the pilgrims have not arrived, because, it is alleged, they could not obtain free transportation, and did not care to expend from $2 to $20 each to see the candidate and hear an address. This explanation is unconvincing. The real reason is simply that the West wants to be assured that Mr. Taft is as radical as Roosevelt, and not a "reactionary." It still regards him as a poor substitute for the man it wanted, and is, therefore, eager to get a glimpse of the candidate himself. The change of plan must be regarded as wise, even if Mr. Taft is not so attractive a speaker as his rival. His winning personality and his hearty, straightforward manner will make friends wherever he goes, and the training in speaking briefly will be a benefit to him for the rest of his life. As he travels, too, he will get a clearer idea than a thousand delegations could give him of the temper of the people and of their desires in the way of political changes.

Gov. Hughes's speech at Youngstown on Saturday throws no more light on his opinions than was afforded by his speech on national issues at the New York Republican Club last winter. He is a party man, not so enthusiastic, perhaps, for some of the Republican doctrines as Mr. Taft, but none the less orthodox enough to please the most fastidious. The speech is an effective piece of campaign oratory. In his summary of Mr. Bryan's qualifications, or lack of qualifications, for the Presidency, Mr. Hughes was at his best. At the same time, one must not be too severe on Bryan because he has not administered the government of Cuba or the Philippines. While Mr. Bryan's lack of experience as an executive is, so far as it goes, a valid argument for preferring Mr. Taft, experience does not seem to us the final test. President Cleveland's record, like Mr. Hughes's, shows that, given character, fixed principles, and general ability, a man may speedily rise to high administrative duties. But Mr. Bryan, able though he be, has neither the fixed principles nor the stability to make up for his lack of experience in administration and to warrant the voters in entrusting him with the highest office in the land.

Honest political soothsayers can give but one forecast as a result of the Vermont election. It indicates clearly the choice of Mr. Taft, unless the State has lost its usefulness as a political weather-vane. True, some Democrats pretend to read the signs differently and to gather hope from a falling off of 6 per cent. in the Republican vote. But although the Republicans may be overconfident, the failure of the Independence League to secure more than a thousand adherents in Vermont will reassure the Democrats who feared that Hisgen would draw seriously from them. And the small vote for the Socialists indicates that the Green Mountain boys are still sticking to the political and economic faiths of their fathers.

It is probable that the President, as reported in the press dispatches, will ask Congress for another increase of the army. It will be shown conclusively that millions are being spent on coast defences in Hawaii and the Philippines, and that therefore we must provide the gunners. The undoubted hardships of the infantry in spending two out of every six years in the Philippines will also be dwelt upon. Indeed, the army, like the navy, has found Congress an easy master since the Spanish war, in striking contrast to its refusal to do much of anything for the soldiers from 1870 to 1898. They can hardly be blamed for making hay while the sun shines; but it is time for the public to put its foot down hard. With 70 per cent. of our national revenues going for army, navy, and pensions, with no foreign difficulty of any kind in sight, it is the hour to stop this folly. The price we have paid for our colonial investments is large enough now, without the squandering of further millions.

It was announced some time ago that the Navy Department was planning to build torpedo-boat destroyers with a speed of 29½ knots, although foreign nations are insisting on 33 and 35 knots. When the bids for these new destroyers were opened in the Navy Department last week it appeared that several of the most progressive of our ship-builders were of the opinion that the speed required was ridiculously low for this stage of naval development. The Fore River Shipbuilding Company, for instance, offered to construct 33-knot boats for $122,000 less apiece than the outside sum allotted by Congress, and several other concerns offered 30 and 31-knot destroyers for little more than the lowest bid for the 29½-knot vessels. Presumably, the Department will stick to its plans, content with the demonstration that we can build fast boats if we wish. In every branch of the navy we simply imitate the English. Three years ago the Admiralty announced that every battleship thereafter would have turbines—last week our Department reached the same conclusion. And the Admiralty is getting years ahead of us by conducting experiments with gasolene and suction-gas engines. The Navy Department simply will not interest itself in anything so new or so progressive.

One hundred and seventeen indictments—this is a brave showing for the Springfield, Illinois, grand jury which is investigating the lynching riots. If only the matter will not rest there, if, say, seventy-five of the rioters could finally be committed to jail for long terms, the city will have gone a long way towards redeeming itself. Thus far the grand jury confirms the assertion of the ministers that the basic trouble was not race prejudice, or even high moral indignation at a shocking crime, but just a thirst for drinking, robbing, and murdering by the lawless elements long unmolested by the authorities. If, as some of our Southern friends would have us believe, this was another uprising on behalf of Anglo-Saxon purity and superiority, it is obvious that these sacred sentiments took strong hold upon

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a mob of loafers, thieves, and prostitutes—persons not always credited with lofty sentiments or a desire to uphold any standards, much less the racial. Had the crime been committed by a Jew or an Italian the same conflagration might have followed. But this fact, of course, detracts not one whit from the shame of Springfield. That so contemptible a police force could have existed anywhere is in itself humiliating. Of this body the grand jury says:

> We condemn in unmeasured terms the cowardly, contemptuous action of those members of the police force who, having taken the oath of office, failed to do their duty; men who were paid from money obtained from the pockets of the people of this city to protect life and property; men who were ordered by the heads of departments of the police to go out and disperse the mob, and who not only failed to use a club, handle a pistol, or raise a voice against the mob on the side of law and order, but some of whom are shown to have assisted by act and word in doing the work that has brought destruction to thousands of dollars of property and has brought shame to every law-abiding citizen of this city.

William F. Vilas's bequest to the University of Wisconsin is one of many replies to the complaint, frequently raised by the friends of State educational institutions, that a public school cannot look to philanthropists for favors. The swelling stream of benefactions during recent years has been washing away all distinctions between State and privately endowed colleges. Like the extension to State universities of the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation, Mr. Vilas's bequest shows that our great philanthropists are coming to recognize that their peculiar function may be to furnish money for purposes which to State legislators of narrower vision seem unnecessary or impracticable. Scholarships and fellowships, liberally endowed chairs, and special laboratories, which cannot be wrung from representatives who identify culture with agriculture, must often be created by private generosity.

Few people can realize to-day the excitement caused by the publication of the letter from the late Lord Sackville to the Irish-American in California who had asked his opinion of political conditions during the Presidential campaign of 1888. This rather ingenuous missive was instantly seized upon by the Republicans as a tremendous weapon. They paraded it as proof that the English government was trying to direct the affairs of this country, and therefore the only thing to do was to elect Mr. Harrison. Copies of Lord Sackville's letter were circulated by the thousand; it was printed day after day in leaded type in Republican newspapers, together with drawings of the British crown. It received all the honors that could be accorded to a dispatch announcing a great victory by land or sea, or the outcome of a great foreign war, or a great scientific discovery. But it was only a piece of small stupidity by a diplomat of the second rank. Of course, it completely discredited Lord Sackville and ended his diplomatic career. Such a blunder would discredit any ambassador to-day, but it could not create the same sensation. For one thing, the appeal to anti-British prejudice is far less popular; and we also have become rather more accustomed to dabbling in European affairs.

British enthusiasts are weaving dreams of empire out of British cotton. After six years of agitation, in which the government has taken active part, the British Cotton-Growing Association is already witnessing the partial success of the project for "Cotton within the Empire." At a recent conference in Manchester the representatives of the West Indies reported that their season's crop of Sea Island cotton is more than enough to supply the present wants of all Lancashire mills; British East Africa and British West Africa also testified to a rapidly increasing output. These are but beginnings. But so far as our own cotton industry is concerned, we may note that the finest grades of fibre, to which the British are now giving exclusive attention, are but a trifle in the total American output; indeed, some of them our thread and woollen mills have to import. But, even if British soil shall some day yield every fibre needed for British spindles, the rest of the world will probably call for all the bales we care to export, especially in view of the fact that our own mills are steadily increasing their consumption. In at least one respect this steady demand for cotton is unfortunate. Sharp foreign competition, by making cotton-growing less profitable, would hasten the diversification of Southern agriculture and occupations, with the result that economic and social life below Mason and Dixon's line would become more wholesome.

The plain people have a disconcerting habit of turning on their self-constituted defenders, and telling them gruffly to "stop that nonsense." In England Mr. Balfour and other Conservative orators have argued that the government's Licensing bill is a reprehensible attack on the right of the British workingman to the "'arf a pint" of ale that was guaranteed him by Magna Charta and the Great Remonstrance. But the president of the British Trade-Union Congress declares that "the great political and social question at present is the Licensing bill, which is wanted by the workingman," of whom nearly 1,800,000 are represented at the Congress. The intelligent British workman knows well what a detriment drink has been to his personal welfare, and even to his class interests. For the president of the Trade-Union Congress to declare that if the Upper House tampers with the bill, "the Lords would raise the question of their own existence," is considerably to strengthen the hands of the government.

The presence of the Turkish Consul-General at a Zionist mass meeting in this city may be indicative of the new fraternal feeling among the different races of Turkey that has come with the new régime, without meaning that the outlook for the success of the Zionist movement has changed for the better. As we have already pointed out, the Young Turks are primarily actuated by national Ottoman aims. The crisis, indeed, seems to have been precipitated by the imminent action of the Powers in Macedonia, which threatened the virtual extinction of Turkish authority in that region. As long as Abdul Hamid reigned, Turkey was being brought nearer to dismemberment. To avert such a catastrophe, to keep the Empire intact and make it modern, is the work to which the triumphant party has set itself. With such aims the erection of an independent Jewish state in Palestine is evidently incompatible. Even autonomy is something which a Turkish Parliament could hardly grant to a Jewish population in Palestine without conceding the same rights to the other nationalities in Europe and Asia. On the other hand, it may well be that un-

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der a liberal régime Jewish immigration into Palestine may be facilitated; and at the same time, under an enlightened economic policy, the resources of the Holy Land may be so developed as to render it capable of supporting a much larger population.

The formal celebration last week of the opening to Medina of the Damascus-Mecca railway marks another important step in the modernization of Islam. In the spring of 1900 it was announced that the Sultan had determined to construct a railway from Damascus to Medina. Much of the route lay across deserts traversed only by caravans since the earliest times. Four years ago the railway had crept to Ma'an; two years ago it reached the Thabouk station; and a few weeks ago the rails were laid to Medina. From Medina to Mecca is only 280 miles, and notwithstanding the chronic financial troubles of the Sultan, the entire line from Beirut via Damascus and Medina to Mecca will probably be completed before long. The pilgrims can then make in a few days the long journey of 1,280 miles, that hitherto was the greatest achievement of a lifetime for devout followers of the Prophet. While this holy railway was planned chiefly as a convenience to pilgrims to the shrines of Medina and Mecca, it will also serve important military and commercial purposes. It will, in connection with the Anatolian and the partly completed Baghdad railway, help to bind closer together Turkey's Asiatic dominions, and help her to transform her present shadowy claims over practically all Arabia into a hard and fast reality. That fact will not be without significance to more than one European Power, and especially to England, seated at Aden, and thus commanding the Persian Gulf. It will now be more than ever necessary for her to remain on good terms with Turkey if she is to maintain her present position on the high road to India. To-day, however, it is chiefly the picturesqueness of the event that arrests attention and appeals to the imagination. The "ship of the desert" once more gives place to the locomotive; the caravan's slow progress toward the holiest of holies, to the swift trip of the railway train, with all that that implies in the changed attitude of the Eastern mind.

Careful study of the White Man's Burden proves that there are other ways of carrying a load besides shouldering it. Everything depends upon the character of the burden. If it is a Cuban gentleman with a Harvard degree, he may be inspired by the spectacle of our civilization. If it is a Porto Rican, he may be dragged up; if a Louisiana "nigger," kicked up; if a Philippine tribesman, shot up; and British dispatches from South Africa reaffirm that the proper and accepted methods of boosting Zulus to a higher plane is to flog their backs into ribbons. Squeamish people dislike some of these varieties of burden-bearing; a hypersensitive Miss Colenso has been pestering the Premier of Natal with complaints about the whipping administered, in some cases fatally, to thirty-one men, women, and children, by order of a local magistrate. Miss Colenso seems vexed because many of the victims had not been convicted of any offence, but were simply awaiting trial. This shows how completely women misunderstand these matters; the lash was applied, not in anger or for retribution, but only to teach the first lesson of imperialism, namely, Anglo-Saxon superiority. The *Times of Natal* silences the sentimentalists with the assurance that "many things are inseparable from a state of war or from the administration of martial law." Even unreasoning woman must see that this profound truth proves the advisability of maintaining martial law wherever contractors find it difficult to secure laborers.

The protest which the Swiss Democrats addressed to the Bundesrat because Count Zeppelin sailed with his airship across Switzerland without special permission, calls attention to the most important problem now before international tribunals. Time was when the oceans were partitioned among the nations, and wars were waged for their possession. Then the principle of the free oceans was finally adopted. In 1903 the French jurist Alexandre Mérignhac demanded in a paper submitted to the Peace Congress of Rouen that the atmosphere should "be as free as the ocean," and this principle was adopted by the Institut de Droit International at its Edinburgh meeting of 1904. Now that the problem of aerial navigation seems so near solution, many persons feel that the air cannot possibly be treated like the water. Absolute freedom of ballooning would expose the cities to greater danger than has ever confronted them; it would render espionage easy, as is shown by the excellent photographs taken in airships; it would facilitate smuggling and the escape of criminals. At the second Hague Conference several countries, among them Russia, Germany, and France, refused to renew the former agreement that no explosives must be thrown from balloons; but it was agreed that undefended cities, villages, and habitations must not be bombarded in any way. Thus the destructiveness of balloon explosives is limited to fortresses, warships, and armies. Alfred H. Fried deems it likely that the nations will grant freedom of ballooning over oceans, deserts, and unappropriated regions of the globe; but a general freedom, as in the case of the ocean, seems to him to be out of the question. But can it be prevented?

It is easy to believe that the pantomime of "Sardanapalus," prepared by the orders of Emperor William and acted last week at the Royal Opera House, was, as reported, a gorgeous spectacle. It may well have been, too, through the labors of Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch and other eminent Orientalists, an instructive reproduction of life in the ancient palace of Nineveh. But the piquancy of the scene lies as much in the observer as the observed. What were the emotions, one asks, of the Kaiser, to whom empire is the very breath of life, as he watched this pageant which has been for thousands of years the emblem of moralists for the vanity of empire? Modern archæology has destroyed the old legend of the effeminate Lord of Assyria as the Greek historians portrayed him, and as Byron represented him in his play. It is probable that he never set up the inscription:

> Sardanapalus,
> The King, and son of Anacyndaraxes,
> In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.
> Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth
> a fillip,—

or composed for himself the famous epitaph: "Only that have I now which I took from eating and drinking and love; all the fulness of empire I have left behind." Yet these are the ideas that will always cling to the name of Sardanapalus, and these are the memories that must have awakened curious thoughts in the mind of the imperial observer.

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JAPAN AND HER "NAVAL PROGRAMME."

The formal announcement made through the financial agents of Japan in this country, that the Japanese government has decided on a drastic cut in its military and naval outlay, need cause no surprise. As long ago as last December, it was given out at Tokio that there would be a reduction of 40,000,000 yen, or approximately $20,000,000, in the annual appropriations for these purposes. This was the result of popular demands and pressure by the financial experts of the national legislature, with whom Marquis Ito was believed to be in sympathy. It was significant, then, that this reduction was described as a "concession" by the army and navy authorities. But when the budget for the new fiscal year was framed, a few months later, it became evident that the concession was not large enough to square the Treasury accounts. The Financial Annual of Japan, in which the government made its report, admitted that "if the programme already made for the year 1909-10 and subsequent years is carried out, large deficits will be made," and announced that taxes on sugar, sake, and kerosene would be increased, and with them the price of tobacco under the government monopoly. The result of this declaration was a debate of great acrimony in the national legislature, followed by indignant protests from commercial bodies against the plan of adding to the already burdensome war taxes for the sake of "unproductive public expenditure." When this remonstrance was followed up by severe criticism from Japan's foreign creditors, the pressure became too strong to resist; and the Cabinet has voted to reduce expenditure during the next half-dozen years by 200,000,000 yen, or $100,000,000. Of this reduction, $75,000,000 is to fall upon army and navy.

What, it may be asked, are the conditions which make possible, through the stroke of a pen, a saving so enormous? Simply this—the Japanese government had yielded to the reckless competition among the militant powers to keep on adding men and ships at whatever rate the jingo faction demanded. Japan has been spending annually, on army and navy, $45,000,000 more than in the year preceding the Eastern War, and this in the face of an interest charge on its foreign debt fully $60,000,000 greater than ever before. To meet this expenditure the government has been exacting a heavy income tax, a land tax, an inheritance tax, a general excise, and a variety of stamp taxes, while the "extraordinary special taxes," which were imposed during the war, and which were admitted to be very burdensome, have been continued. So long as the purpose of this crushing taxation was to raise money for bringing home troops, restoring the navy to its previous efficiency, and reducing the public debt, the people bore the load uncomplainingly. But when they learned, at the very moment of financial reaction and depression, that the burden was to be continued and increased, with no assignable limit, through the adoption of extravagant plans of naval construction, patience ceased to be a virtue. The armament was to be brought to a state satisfactory to the apostles of extravagance within six years, but now the programme is "to prolong the present six-year scheme into twelve years," which is only a euphemistic way of saying that the annual appropriation will be cut in two.

The importance of the incident lies in the fact that the advocates of economy have won a substantial victory, and have won it from a determined military clique. This means much for the Japanese taxpayers, much for the foreign creditors of Japan, and much for the peace of the world. In the London market and in our own, Japanese bonds have advanced 3 per cent. over former prices. Part of this rise is owing to a promise of liberal redemptions of the outstanding debt—a prudent and necessary step in view of the fact that the grand total of national loan bonds outstanding has actually increased in each year since the Eastern War was ended. People who never accepted seriously the European theories of the war-time that Japan would collapse through inability to raise money for the contest, were rightly disquieted by a policy of heaping up the burden in a period of peace. It was high time that sensible statesmen should call a halt.

But the effort to economize is significant quite aside from the plight of Japan itself. Germany, whose annual naval expenditure had already increased 260 per cent. since 1893, is plunging into a scheme of new construction similar to Japan's; and a well-informed article from Berlin in the London *Bankers' Magazine* estimates that, for this and other purposes, no less than $100,000,000 of fresh revenue must be raised. This means new taxes and new borrowings, for the Imperial Treasury has already found itself unable, with the growing charge for armaments, to make both ends meet. The condition of our own Treasury is familiar. England, embarking on unknown seas in her Old Age Pension projects, is also under the same remorseless pressure from ambitious builders of warships. Japan is the first of the Powers to make public confession that the craze has gone too far. And unless experience is wholly misleading, the fiscal embarrassments which have forced the hand of that government will in due time affect others.

MOROCCO ONCE MORE.

Germany has explained that when she let loose her latest Moroccan thunderbolt, she was merely offering advice, but French journalists when discussing German policy with regard to Morocco will continue to use the favorite adjective, *brutal*. Perfidious Albion has been quite replaced by Germania the brutal which delights in disregarding the ways of civilized diplomacy, roars like a lion in pain when a word of mild protest would suffice, strikes when least expected (by preference after displaying high amity), and in general seems bent on a policy of bedevilment and exasperation. That is the French view after an experience extending now over more than three years. It is also a view in which the outsider will find a fair measure of reason. What word, for instance, can characterize Germany's sudden change of attitude between Sunday week, when at Strasburg the Kaiser made his plea for international good will, and the report a few days later that Germany had determined to shift for herself in Morocco? In commenting on the Kaiser's speech we said that in Morocco he had an opportunity to make trouble if he wished, but that he had held himself in check. That judgment must now be suspended, for German diplomacy has nearly brought Europe to the threshold of another Moroccan "crisis." If the storm be safely weathered, the result will be due, as in 1906, to French self-restraint more than to Germany's regard for the peace of the Continent.

French self-restraint and German

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recklessness—we seem to be confusing traditional characteristics of race. But this is what Frenchmen of late have been proudly asserting: that, in the face of continuous provocation from across the Rhine, France has kept her temper and her dignity while maintaining, as best she could, her rights. Marcel Prévost writes to the *Figaro* from Germany—*Zeppelinland*, he calls it, because of the tremendous enthusiasm over the dirigible airship. Do you think, he asks, that this vast emotional upheaval is all due to the loss to science, to sorrow for the cruelly tried inventor? No. What Germany bewails is the destruction of a war-machine on which great hopes rested. He cites from a Berlin daily, let us hope a sensational one:

> The fear of what the Zeppelin can do has become a nightmare for the Parisians. They watch with anguish for the appearance of the balloon over their city, just as they watched in 1871 for the Uhlans.

That, insists M. Prévost, is the spirit of the Young Germans, and he adds:

> I much prefer the way in which, on the morrow after the loss of the Patrie, our army was put into possession of another balloon ready for service, without press-agent publicity, without bluster, without bluff.

Here, indeed, was the volatile Gaul giving the stolid Teuton a lesson in self-control.

And in this matter of Morocco, Germany has supplied the French with frequent opportunities for exercising self-restraint. France's claims to a special position in Morocco as the neighbor of the Sultan in Algeria are acknowledged in long-existing treaties. In the Anglo-French Agreement of April 8, 1904, Great Britain pledged herself not to interfere with French ambitions in Morocco. Then began on a large scale the so-called policy of "pacific penetration." There was to be no military conquest of Morocco, but French commercial agents were to establish themselves throughout the country, French physicians were to open hospitals for the natives, French officers were to take service in the Moroccan army. This happy prospect was completely shattered by the famous voyage of Emperor William to Morocco in the spring of 1905. At Tangier he declared that the independence and integrity of the Sultan's domains must be maintained, and—an acute crisis was at hand. Delcassé, who had been in absolute charge of French foreign affairs for six years, and had established closer relations than ever between France and Russia, sympathetic relations with Italy and Spain, and the now famous *entente* with England, was ready to go to war over Morocco. But France felt herself utterly unprepared (M. Rouvier was then Premier), and Delcassé fell. It is widely believed that to bring about his fall was the real object of Germany's incursion into Morocco.

Only after prolonged negotiations, in the course of which that "brutal" mailed fist seemed to threaten war more than once, it was agreed to leave the settlement of the difficulty to a conference of the Powers. At Algeciras, in the early months of 1906, France won what seemed at the time a signal victory over Germany. She rallied to her side nearly all the participating Powers, including the United States and even Germany's partner in the Triple Alliance, Italy. True, Europe there declared for the independence and integrity of the Moroccan empire, and the financial reorganization was to be carried on under an international agreement, but to France, with Spain, was entrusted the task of preserving order in Moroccan ports. Recognition of the Act of Algeciras was made incumbent upon the Sultan.

When the attack on the Europeans at Casablanca led to the dispatch of a French army and the outbreak of war with the tribesmen of that region, the French government asserted that an emergency had arisen from which it would attempt to derive no special benefit for itself. And on the whole France has been loyal to the pledge. When native fanaticism, exasperated at the pro-European attitude of the Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, finally took form in the elevation of a rival in the person of his brother, Mulai Hafid, the French did just enough to show that their sympathies were with Abd-el-Aziz, and not enough to prevent his downfall. The success of Mulai Hafid was a disappointment to the French; but they argued that nothing had occurred to nullify the Act of Algeciras; if Mulai Hafid should subscribe to its terms, there was no obstacle to his recognition by the Powers. Germany's announcement of a decision to recognize Mulai Hafid without waiting for guarantees is, therefore, regarded as a blow at the European concert. That the Powers which formerly stood with France will now be with her would seem to be beyond doubt. But the general effect upon Franco-German relations cannot be foretold. Germany may now declare that she has simply announced her intention of recognizing the new Sultan, without proceeding to the formal act. But in France such conduct is taken as only one more illustration of that mixed policy of sudden attack and forbearance which the French call *brutal*.

THE HANKERING FOR PROTECTION

The Kentish hop-growers are having a hard year. A few months ago they were complaining so bitterly of the "dumping" of American hops on the English market that a select committee was appointed to report on the industry. Last week the cable dispatches from England announced the destruction of a large part of the crop by excessively wet weather and high wind. Human nature being what it is, we may expect that the hop-growers, smarting under heavy losses both from competition and from the "act of God," as the old phrase is, will at the next session of Parliament appeal still more loudly for protection. They will, however, find it difficult to meet the arguments of the report of the select committee, which has laid down pretty clearly some basic principles of trade. These principles it is worth while to examine a little in detail, especially in view of the fact that at the promised extra session for revision of our own tariff, a number of manufacturers will appear, whining over the present hard times and demanding that their sufferings be allayed by still higher rates.

But when the lessened profits of this period of depression are presented as a reason for raising the tariff, we can say to the petitioners what the select committee, presided over by Sir William Collins, has said to the English hop-growers: the supply has outrun the demand, and therefore prices have fallen. In the case of hops, the demand fell off because less beer was brewed, and because fewer hops were used for each barrel of it. This last change is due in small part to the employment of substitutes, but chiefly to the growing preference for a "lighter, brighter, and therefore less heavily hopped beer." The increase in supply is the result of improved methods of cultivation. The dumping of foreign hops merely caused

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a temporary flurry, which cannot have a permanent effect, because in both Germany and the United States the production of hops is at the moment declining. In this country, moreover, in spite of a heavy duty of $12 a hundredweight, the price has fluctuated between £1 12s. 8d. a hundredweight and £5 16s. 8d. The lower figure, it will be noted, is below that of the import duty, and is thus proof that the duty will not avail to maintain a minimum price.

Furthermore, Mr. Taft has just been telling us that some of the schedules of the Dingley Act need "revising up." Greedy manufacturers are sure to take him at his word, and, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. But it is evident that their trouble is mainly due to a temporary excess of supply over demand. In most branches of production, especially in those which do not deal with the bare necessities of existence, the demand has slackened a great deal since last October. What is more, the tariff will not quicken this demand. In England a tariff would not check the use of substitutes for hops in the brewing of beer, or alter the taste for a lighter product. In the United States a tariff will not enrich the average consumer, who is going through a period of saving in order to make good his losses from the panic, from a diminution in the volume of trade, or from lack of steady employment. In this field the tariff, our boasted panacea, is wholly impotent.

We have said that in the main our industries are suffering from a malady which the tariff cannot cure. To this statement there may be a few exceptions—those industries in which we are attempting to produce under adverse conditions articles that may be more advantageously made elsewhere. We are not, it is true, putting a heavy tariff on bananas in order to protect the bananas grown under glass in a few of our Northern gardens; but we are doing some things that are almost as silly. And if any American manufacturer protests that he cannot compete with the foreigner, we may properly answer, as England in substance answered the farmers of Kent: Why should the whole community be taxed in order to keep up the artificial value of your commodity? A generation ago we were met by the protectionist argument that the tariff would foster "infant" industries and enable us to maintain that variety of occupation and diversification of society that promote civilization. If we would only keep up the tariff for a few years till the infants were fairly grown, we should, so ran the promise, be able to revert to the low tariff again. But that promise has conveniently been forgotten. The tariff has been raised higher and higher, because the appetite of the beneficiaries has grown by feeding; and a considerable number of manufacturers are already beginning to say that the Dingley rates do not really afford them protection. And this reliance upon the tariff is especially characteristic of the men of the second generation, who have inherited their business, who are perhaps interested more in automobiling and other sports than in the dull routine of the shop, and who look to a paternal government to make up their own deficiencies in intelligence and enterprise. They would revive trade, not by making wares that are good enough and cheap enough to command the market, but by excluding the foreign competitor. To meet the foreign competitor requires a large outlay of ingenuity and energy. To secure protection has been far simpler and easier—the mere drawing of a check of appropriate size for the Republican campaign fund. Hitherto the rule has been: Drop a contribution in the slot and get a tariff schedule—at the expense, of course, of the great body of consumers, who cannot afford to pay for political favors.

THE PRESS AS A BIG STICK.

The repeated rumors that Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Harmsworth), who already owns so many newspapers, has secured control of the London *Times* have started the English press to discussing the man and his career, as well as the opportunities which modern journalism offers to a person with plenty of money and no scruples. The possibilities in this field are, we venture to say, hardly yet understood even by the most enterprising of our yellow journalists; and we shall be greatly surprised if, within the next generation, the newspapers which are—to use Lord Salisbury's phrase—"written by office-boys for office-boys" do not increase vastly in number and circulation. With cheap paper, cheap press-work, cheap editors, and advertisers of cheap wares to help, the supply of cheap news and pictures for cheap readers may become almost unlimited. The demand, too, from persons who can do little more than read and write, seems illimitable. Moreover, these journals for the half-illiterate millions enjoy the great advantage that they can actually influence, directly and immediately, the opinions of their subscribers. The more respectable papers are taken by people who often have ideas of their own, and who, though they may in the long run be somewhat affected by the damnable iteration of their favorite journal, may disagree with it at least half the time. But the newsboys and the shop-girls who feed, for example, on the New York *Evening Journal* are so crassly ignorant that they often swallow all it says with eager credulity. Now, in a democracy, the man who can lay down the law for the masses is a force to be reckoned with.

France, for instance, has just been getting an interesting view of the inside workings of the Paris *Matin*, a paper which, by catering to that public which delights in crimes and scandals, has gained an immense circulation. The facts came out in the course of a suit for libel brought by Charles Humbert, a Senator, whom the *Matin* had accused of being an accomplice in the frauds of a company promoter. In the course of the trial it turned out that this very promoter, M. Rochette, had paid the *Matin* some 200,000 francs for forwarding his enterprises. Moreover, the *Matin* could accuse M. Humbert, a former protégé, of the blackest ingratitude, for it had obtained for him, from successive ministers, (1) his rehabilitation after being involved in a military scandal; (2) his appointment to a post in the War Office; (3) his decoration; (4) a well-paid sinecure; (5) a degree of influence which enabled him to obtain orders from the government for firms in which he had an interest. For the sake of advertisement, the *Matin* organized a marching competition in the army, and afterwards secured for a festivity the free use of the state Opera House. The proprietor, in common with the President of the Republic and the ambassadors of the great Powers, exercised the right of passing the octroi stations in Paris without submitting to an examination. In fine, the *Matin* was treated almost as if it were a branch of the administration.

Lord Northcliffe has exerted his

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strength less insolently. He owns a score of papers, daily and weekly, and is able to extend his influence throughout the entire realm. Hitherto the charge urged against him most seriously is that he has commercialized the press in the most vulgar fashion. He has persistently and systematically exploited crime, has run as close to the limits of indecency as he has dared, and in general has conducted all his enterprises as if his power entailed no responsibilities and his only conceivable aim were to make money. But Harmsworth's rewards have not been wholly pecuniary. He received a title in 1905 from the Conservative government, as a fit recognition of the power which he has used so unscrupulously.

In our own country the nearest parallel is W. R. Hearst. He now runs newspapers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, and Boston, and he threatens to enter other cities. On the character of his dailies we need not dwell. Nothing more brazen has ever been printed. His appeal is to the lowest instincts of the worst elements. This country is so large, however, so decentralized, and its interests are so diversified that no one paper can have the vogue of a journal published in Paris or London. Mr. Hearst's plan of issuing in several different places is therefore the only way of bringing pressure to bear in every part of the United States. To maintain newspapers in, say, twenty cities would require large capital, but were a man rich and ambitious enough, the project is wholly feasible. Mr. Hearst, however, has evolved a plan which affords him many of the advantages of direct control of a chain of dailies, with none of the disadvantages. He has organized a "news service," to which, he asserts, he has secured several hundred subscribers. These papers get news of the Hearst kind, and with the news there goes inevitably the taint of the Hearst shop. He is in constant telegraphic communication with all these publications; he has engaged their editors in business relations with himself; and consequently his version of the story and his views are bound to receive more or less favorable consideration. At this moment the doings of his Independence League and the utterances of its candidates are being generously reported through the Hearst (and what we may call the semi-Hearst) papers; and if Hisgen and Graves show unexpected strength in the election, they will owe it in part to this cunning propaganda of the Hearst news service. The present indication is that the Independence vote will not materially affect the result; but circumstances might easily arise in which the man who could dictate the policy of fifty or a hundred newspapers could determine a national election and make his own stipulations as to persons and policies. This is indeed to wield the big stick.

CANONIZATION BY POETIC LICENSE.

A striking difference may be pointed out between the Roman Catholic Church and the average young person who writes verses for the magazines. The Church, before it admits a candidate to the high communion of the saints, imposes an elaborate series of tests extending sometimes over hundreds of years. The susceptible young rhymer, on the other hand, if he happen to be stirred by some one else's bit of verse to a warm flush of altruistic emotion, is quite likely to dash off a sonnet or a quatrain in which he calls the first poet a saint. Tender-hearted persons who do not themselves write have been known to reveal the same passion for beatifying and canonizing contemporaries who do. There must be many people to whom the author of "Leaves of Grass" is St. Whitman and the author of "Ethics of the Dust" St. Ruskin. In a strictly utilitarian age, we grant, the man who has loved the true, the beautiful, and his fellow-men as Ruskin did, deserves the halo far more than some desert ascetic who visited on his own tortured body his hatred for mankind. Robert Buchanan, in his "New Abelard," we believe, makes his hero build a church dedicated to Human Brotherhood, in which the stained-glass windows bear the effigies of St. Homer, St. Dante, and St. Shakespeare. But Buchanan's hero finds final peace, with death, at the foot of the Cross.

The principle would seem to be commendable enough: to discern holiness in every common thing, to scent divinity at a football game; and yet the thing may be overdone. In the hands of the minor poet, especially, the bestowal of honors that are not of this world, easily becomes an abuse; for minor poets, like minor artists and workmen in every line, love to bring a vast enginery to bear on a very small need, and they deal light-heartedly with names and epithets that Dante or Milton were discreet in using. Minor poets never hesitate to invoke "The Christ," or Mary, or the Godhead, to lend glow to a verse that has little color of its own. For that mannerism, Swinburne, we suppose, is as much responsible as any man. Once he showed the way, it was easy enough to raid Jehovah's heavenly armories for the poet's daily use, and among other things the martyr's crown and the saint's aureole have come into popular vogue. Take, for instance, what is far from being the worst example of its kind, Sarah N. Cleghorn's verses, entitled, "Saint R. L. S.," in the *Atlantic Monthly:*

Sultry and brazen was the August day
When Sister Stanislaus came down to see
The little boy with the tuberculous knee.

And as she thought to find him, so he lay:
Still staring, through the dizzy waves of heat,
At the tall tenement across the street.

But did he see that dreary picture? Nay,
In his mind's eye a sunlit harbor showed,
Where a tall pirate ship at anchor rode.

Yes, he was full ten thousand miles away.—
(The Sister, when she turned his pillow over,
Kissed "Treasure Island" on its well-worn cover.)

There is point, as well as fancy, in the lines. If to bring peace to a crippled child on a bed of pain, is not a good title to saintship, what is? We may admit that we do not know, and confess at the same time that St. Stevenson does not sound quite right.

The trouble is that the title has been conferred for an inadequate consideration. Not many "Treasure Islands" have been written; but, after all, sick children, and their elders for that matter, have found relief in books inferior to "Treasure Island." If it is the bringing of surcease from paint that constitutes Stevenson's title to a golden crown around the glassy sea, a dangerous precedent is established. If your sick lad was, in health, a district messenger boy, he would find deeper balm in a dime novel than in Stevenson; his sister from the factory will forget her sorrows over a copy of the latest best seller; and thus we are confronted with an entire new hierarchy—St. Tarkington, St. McCutcheon, St. Caine, St. Co-

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relli. Of course, if you wish to be thorough, you can take them all in. You can go much further. From the point of view of the altruist you are entitled to speak of St. Watt, St. Stephenson, St. Morse, St. Curie, and St. Marconi. More old-fashioned people, however, will ask for the old-fashioned conditions of eligibility for beatification. They will not insist upon remoteness in time; St. Florence Nightingale or St. Josephine Shaw Lowell is fitting enough; but that forgetfulness of self and of the world which we have so long associated with the truly elect, there must be.

It is not the poets alone that are to blame. The fashion of dragging the name of the Founder of Christianity into the vulgar rhetoric of the day is growing. The cheap politician, the sensational pamphleteer, the agitator, and the crank—yes, there have not been wanting men from among the clergy—still take it upon themselves to announce what the Son of Man would do if he came to Chicago, or if he came to Washington. In consequence this man is sure that he would attack the Trusts, the other that he would vote for the Republican ticket, the third that he would march in the Haywood parade.

CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS.

COPENHAGEN, August 21.

A clever woman once defined a scientific association as a body of men formed for the purpose of securing an audience to listen to papers that nobody cares to hear. Certainly, at international gatherings of scholars, the reading of papers, however interesting, is a secondary feature in comparison with the stimulus and encouragement to be gained from meeting one's fellow-workers, from the informal exchange of views with them, and even from the small talk in which scholars off on a holiday feel privileged to indulge.

At the Congress of Orientalists, which closed with a banquet last evening, the representation from all countries, with the notable exception of France, was good. As usual, however, Germany predominated. The delegation from the United States was perhaps not so large as at some previous gatherings, though in every sense representative. An interesting feature at the opening session was the unanimity with which the representatives of various countries, in their response to the address of welcome from the president of the Congress—the distinguished Prof. Vilhelm Thomsen—bore witness to the services rendered by Danish scholarship to the cause of Oriental learning. The names of Westergaard, Larsen, Rask, Tychsen, and Carsten Niebuhr fell from many lips. Indeed, in Avestan scholarship, in the first steps of cuneiform research, and in opening up unknown portions of the East, Danish scholars were among the pioneers. It was eminently appropriate, therefore, to hold an international Congress of Orientalists in the capital of Denmark.

The Congress divided into eight sections: (1) General Linguistics, (2) Indo-Iranian, (3) China and Japan, (4) Semitic Languages (Hebrew, Aramaic, and Assyrian), with (5) a sub-section for Arabia and Islam, (6) Egypt and Africa, (7) Greece, (8) Ethnography and Folk-lore of the Orient. In all, over one hundred papers were read, the largest number in the Semitic section, with the Indo-Iranian a close second. Without disparagement to the other sections, it may fairly be said that the Indo-Iranian carried off the honors, both by virtue of the unusually high qualities of the communications presented, and more particularly through the account of the remarkable results attained by the recent German expedition to Chinese Turkestan. These results were set forth at one of the meetings of the combined sections by the leader in the latest campaign, Dr. A. von Le Coq. The excavations, conducted chiefly at a place called Turfan, have shed an unexpected light on religious and linguistic conditions in northern Turkestan between the second and ninth centuries of this era. Written documents, secured in large number, furnish texts in no less than ten different languages, and the strange conglomeration characteristic of the period and district is illustrated by the use of a variety of the Syriac alphabet for Persian and a form of Sanskrit characters for Ugurian. In an earlier campaign, portions of what may properly be called the Manichæan Bible were recovered, and additional texts from the last campaign show how intense the struggle was in northern Turkestan between Manichæism and orthodox Christianity. Perhaps the most important, as it is certainly the most astonishing, result of the recent expedition is the discovery of an entirely new Aryan tongue (provisionally called Tocharic, from the name of the place where the documents in question were found), which, curiously enough, shows closest affinity with the western groups of Aryan languages, and not with the eastern. New linguistic problems entirely undreamt of a few years ago have thus arisen, some of which were discussed at a special meeting of Iranists and Sanskritists. In consequence of this important material it is not unlikely that a recasting of certain linguistic views that were thought to rest on stable foundations will become necessary. The closing session of the combined sections was devoted to a consideration of some general projects, notable among which was a proposed Arabic dictionary on a large scale.

In the special sections most of the papers were highly technical, but there was a fair sprinkling of communications of more general interest. Such was a paper in the Indo-Iranian section, by Mrs. Rhys Davids, on the place of Buddhism in the history of philosophy. It was a plea for a more thorough inquiry into the evolution of the meaning attaching to terms in Indian literature as a means of determining their full philosophic content. It was shown, *e. g.*, that by a study of the terminology of causation, the successive stages in the intellectual evolution in Indian literature could be followed. Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins, in a paper on work in continuance of the "Vedic Concordance," pointed out how important it was to follow the evolution of the text of the Vedas, and frequently of the ideas conveyed through a study of parallel passages. At the conclusion of his remarks a somewhat unusual demonstration took place. Prof. Richard Pischel, one of the leaders in Sanskrit studies, emphasized the great importance of the "Vedic Concordance" prepared by Professor Bloomfield (as the result of fifteen years of incessant labor), and declared that in the course of an extensive use of it he had not detected a single error. The section proposed a resolution of tribute to Professor Bloomfield, which was coupled with a general acknowledgment of the value of the Harvard Oriental Series published by Prof. Charles R. Lanman. The resolution was laid before the general congress and unanimously adopted.

Perhaps the most notable paper in the Islamic section was by Ignàcz Goldziher of Budapest, on Neo-Platonic and Gnostic elements in the Hadith, *i. e.*, the literature embodying the traditions regarding Mohammed, his doings and sayings. As instances of Neo-Platonic influences attention was directed to the conception of an imminent "world-intellect" in some of the utterances in the Hadith ascribed to Mohammed. In order to make such views conform to orthodox teachings regarding creation, slight textual changes were introduced or artificial interpretations offered. Gnostic influences were to be seen in the doctrine of the preëxistence of Mohammed and in the theory of transmission of prophetic inspiration of all generations from Adam and Eve to the parents of Mohammed. The doctrine of the "identity" of all prophets also made its way into the Hadith. The nearest approach to a sensation was occasioned by a paper of Prof. Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, setting forth the thesis that Jesus was in all probability of Aryan, and not of Semitic, origin. It naturally provoked a spirited

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discussion, which threatened at one time to become somewhat personal. Professor Haupt's thesis was based on the evidence of a strong effusion of Aryan settlements into Galilee in the seventh century B. C.

Of interest to students of Semitic is an important undertaking of which specimen pages were laid before the Congress—the new edition of the Samaritan Pentateuch, to be edited by Dr. A von Gall and published by Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen. Dr. Max von Oppenheim reported on his travels in northern Syria and on the excavations he conducted at Tell Halef in that region. Monuments and inscriptions in cuneiform, Syriac, Armenian, and Arabic were brought to light which prove that the district was one of considerable importance in antiquity, and became tributary to Assyria in the tenth century, B. C. A clay model of a sheep's liver dating from about 2,000 B. C., and now in the British Museum, formed the subject of the contribution of Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. The model was used as an object-lesson by Babylonian priests in teaching divination to the young aspirants to the priesthood, and the inscriptions on the clay model were so arranged as to illustrate the meanings attached to phenomena in certain parts of the liver. Very suggestive was the paper of S. A. Cook of Cambridge, England, on the bearings of recent excavations in Palestine on the history of Israel. These discoveries, he maintained, bore out the thesis of the higher critics that the eighth to the sixth centuries, B. C., were the critical ones for the civic and religious history of the Hebrews.

A paper of uncommon interest was presented in the Greek section by Prof. Franz Cumont of Brussels, the distinguished authority on Mithraism. He discussed a Greek astrological text in which the constellations of the zodiac were associated with the various countries and districts of the ancient world as constituted in the days of Persian supremacy. The combination points to Babylonian influences. Valuable papers were also read before the special sections by Dr. I. Friedländer of the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York, and Prof. Friedrich Hirth of Columbia.

The next congress will be held in Athens in 1911; and it is likely that a special Indo-Iranian congress will be held in 1910 in India. The need of some common language of interchange at international gatherings of scholars was perhaps more seriously felt at this congress than ever before. The official language was French, but outside of official announcements, one heard chiefly German, and many even of those who had announced their communications in English made them in German. It now looks as though, eventually, German will become the common meeting-ground at assemblies of the learned.

M. J., JR.

Correspondence.

DR. JOHNSON'S SYMPATHY FOR ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Samuel Johnson had a great scorn of cant and affectation, but he had also one of the tenderest of human hearts when faced by real sorrow and suffering. There is a story illustrating this which has escaped the notice of all his biographers. It was contributed by a correspondent who signs only "W." to the *European Magazine* for September, 1818 (Vol. LXXIV., p. 231). It reads as follows:

The Doctor in his tour through North Wales (which he never published, but of which he wrote a mere itinerary, never designed for publication) passed two days at the seat of Colonel Myddleton of Gwynog. The first day was employed in a survey of the Colonel's domain, and in contemplating a plan for the building of a principal drawing room to be attached to the mansion, the architectural proportions and ornaments of which were devised by the Doctor. The room was afterwards built by the Colonel in strict conformity to the plan; and, after the Doctor's decease, in memorial of the visit, a cenotaph was erected by this gentleman, on the spot where his learned guest had occupied at the instant at which he suggested this addition to the original building.* On the second day it happened, that the Colonel's gardener found a hare on the form, amidst some potatoe plants. He caught it and brought it to his master, while he was engaged with conversation with Johnson. An order was given to carry it to the cook. As soon as the Doctor heard the sentence of death pronounced he requested to have the animal placed in his arms, at the same time anxiously extending them to receive it. The creature was immediately transferred from the gardener's grasp to the Doctor's embrace.—"Poor puss, poor puss," exclaimed Johnson, with the accompanying action of compassionately stroking its long squatted ears:—"and so thou art doomed to the ignoble fate of pampering the appetite of thy fellow-animal, Man—'tis a hard fate, Colonel; I must intercede for puss between sentence and execution—she is no criminal, at least there is no evidence against her: if she be indicted for a trespass, I think the laws of hospitality will plead in her favour." While he uttered these words he gradually approached the window, which was half open; and as soon as he reached it, he restored the object of his compassion to her liberty, shouting after her that she might make the best of her way. "What have you done?" cried the Colonel, "why Doctor, you have robbed my table of a delicacy, and perhaps deprived us of a dinner."—"So much the better, sir," replied this champion of a condemned hare, "for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I envy not the appetite of him who eats at it. This, Sir, is not a hare *ferœ naturæ*, but one which had placed itself under your protection; and savage indeed must be that man who does not make his hearth an asylum for the confiding stranger."

This anecdote is at all events credible as an illustration of the genuine kindness of Johnson's disposition.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, Eng., August 18.

*Many years ago, when I was in the neighborhood of Gwaenynog, I saw the cenotaph referred to in the anecdote. The country people not being familiar with such monumental structures gave it the name of Bedd y ci—"The grave of the Dog"! Nearby is a cottage with an inscription over the door which local tradition attributes to Johnson. (See *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, XI., p. 437, 511.) The cenotaph was erected during Johnson's lifetime and was not much to his taste.

APPEAL FOR A LOST HITTITE SEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received the following letter from Sir William Ramsay:

Berlin, August 14, 1908.

My dear Sterrett: That remarkable little seal, which you found at Tchaoush, and presented to Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, is now one of the most important and much desired objects in the world of history. It is a thing of unique interest. Nothing like it has ever been found since. The thing ought to be published in the style in which J. Pierpont Morgan has published a little Assyrian bronze—in a beautiful little book containing photographs of his and of all the known similar bronzes—a copy of which he kindly sent me last month. Or, if the present owner, or owners, are not interested in publishing it—a somewhat expensive thing in that style—you or I, or some one else, should make it known in a magazine. The possession of a unique thing like that seal, which every museum in the world would covet, ought to be made known to the world.

Yours always truly,
WM. RAMSAY.

In explanation of this letter I may say that the stone referred to was given by me to Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, deceased, along with other objects, as a mark of my appreciation of her munificence which made possible my last journey in Asia Minor, and my subsequent stay in Athens. The stone is a Hittite seal. Its shape is a cylindrical drum, something less than an inch in diameter, and perhaps something less than half an inch in height. It bears Hittite inscriptions on both sides, which are slightly convex. Under the skilled guidance of W. J. Stillman, I made a positive impression of one side in plaster of Paris, and sent it to M. Georges Perrot, who published it in his "History of Hittite Art." I did not make an impression of the second inscribed side, because the stone was soft, and, from my experience with the side which I did impress, I feared that the inscription would be damaged.

At that time I knew well that the stone was one of unique value, and that its proper place was in a great museum, and for that reason I hesitated long before sending it to Miss Wolfe. Finally, I did send it, along with other ill-favored, but valuable treasures. My remorse has been bitter, and long continued. The stone had nothing to recommend it to Miss Wolfe; it had no beauty of any kind; its very dirty leaden color added to its seeming insignificance, and I feared that its fate would be that which has actually befallen it, for apparently it is lost. Miss Wolfe is dead and her heirs may be pardoned for thinking lightly of an apparently valueless object. Some years ago, when the importance of the stone had become more and more manifest, I wished to get an impression or a drawing of the second side. I therefore wrote, either to Miss Wolfe or to her heirs, begging to know of the whereabouts of the stone. I received no reply to my letter.

Recently, at the International Congress of Historians in Berlin, I was asked in the name of the science of the past, to make another effort to find the now famous Hittite seal, and the letter of Sir William Ramsay may be regarded as an appeal of

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the whole world of historians to the heirs of Miss Wolfe. I therefore beg for space in the *Nation* for these letters, in the hope that some of its readers may know the heirs of Miss Wolfe, and may call their attention to the fact that they own an object of unique world-importance; and one which students of pre-Hellenic civilization are eagerly desirous to study, and to see published. For surely if they are aware of the facts, and of the exceeding value of the ugly stone, they will make every effort to find it, and either to publish it, as Sir William Ramsay suggests, or to permit others to publish it. J. R. S. STERRETT.

Dresden, Germany, August 24.

MISS WORMELEY'S "THE OTHER SIDE OF WAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You print in your issue of August 13 (p. 139) an obituary notice of a remarkably intellectual and useful woman, Miss Wormeley, whose accurate and masterly translations, in her later years, of several of the French classics, you naturally note. But it seems odd that, while recalling her valuable volunteer service in the United States Sanitary Commission (of which I was the assistant secretary), during the civil war, and making mention of some of her literary output in connection therewith, you should—even with necessarily limited space—omit "The Other Side of War," published by her not long after the close of that "cruel war," as the freedmen christened it in their camp-fire song. "The Other Side of War" is a book which vividly sets forth the humane work of the Sanitary Commission on the Pamunkey and James Rivers, in connection with its hospital transport service. It was widely read when it appeared, and would be valuable to the historian, among *memoires pour servir*. A. J. BLOOR.

Stonington, Conn., August 30.

THE IMMUNITY OF POISON IVY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of August 27 (p. 192) the question is asked whether poison ivy is attacked by insects or fungi. The plant is rather abundant here, and many of its leaves show perforations, probably the work of insects, and brown spots, probably due to fungi. ARTHUR SEARLE.

Sandwich, Mass., September 1.

Notes.

Scribners will soon have ready "Poem Outlines of Sidney Lanier," containing fragments and outlines left by Lanier which have never before been published. Other books to be issued this month by the same house are "A Theory of Mind," by J. L. March; and "The Hermit and the Wild Woman," by Edith Wharton.

Chatto & Windus are to publish the Latin text of "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," with a translation by F. G. Stokes. This witty and important work of the Reformation has never before appeared in English.

We are bound to hear a good deal about Africa these coming two years, and note, as one sign of the flood, Robert H. Milligan's "Jungle Folk of Africa," published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Albert Matthews, Hotel Oxford, Boston, has in preparation a bibliography of New England magazines of the eighteenth century, and he has printed a "tentative list," based on the collections owned by the following libraries and societies: American Antiquarian Society, Boston Athenæum, Boston Public Library, Library of Congress, Essex Institute, Harvard College Library, Lenox (New York Public) Library, Massachusetts Historical Society, Massachusetts State Library, New England Historic Genealogical Society, New York Historical Society, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Library Company of Philadelphia, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Yale Unversity Library. In a brief note accompanying the list Mr. Matthews says:

Other libraries or societies, however, may have earlier or later numbers of a particular magazine than those indicated in the present list, or may have a magazine not listed here. Again, questions not easily answered are: Exactly what is a magazine? Wherein does a magazine differ from a newspaper? Is the proper criterion size or contents? The propriety of regarding all the publications in the present list as magazines will probably not be questioned except in four cases, namely: New Haven *Gazette* and the *Connecticut Magazine* (1786-1789); Worcester *Magazine* (1786-1788); *Courier de Boston* (1789); *New Star* (1797). I should much like to have the opinions of librarians and of bibliographers as to whether those publications ought to be rated as magazines or as newspapers.

Two more volumes of the Eversley Tennyson (The Macmillan Co.) contain the "Idylls of the King" (Vol. III.) and a group of miscellaneous poems (Vol. IV.). It was not to be expected that much new light could be thrown on the genesis of the "Idylls," but the editor, the present Lord Tennyson, gives a fragment of a prose epic on King Arthur written by his father as early as 1833, and the scenario for a play set down about the same time. More interesting than these workshop chips, which might well enough have been swept away, are some of the notes of the poet, such as that which explains "the Siege perilous" as standing for "the spiritual imagination," and that which shows how he regarded the end of "The Holy Grail" as "the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of men." Nothing, perhaps, as one turns over the pages of the "Idylls" and shorter poems of these volumes, is so striking as the growth of a certain mystical sense. Tennyson was always a romantic, but one misses in his work that peculiar note of wonder which makes some of the lines of Keats and Wordsworth sound as if echoes from another world. His romantic power, when most felt, comes from something different from that, and is rather akin to the spiritual ecstasy or exolution of the saints. It was a faculty early developed, as may be seen from his lines to "The Mystic," written in boyhood and now printed in the notes to "The Ancient Sage":

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones:
Ye knew him not: he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn;
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
That still serene abstraction; he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linked woes of many a fiery charge
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.
. . . . . .
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.

What one sees in the later poems is rather the larger assurance in expressing this mystical romanticism than any essential change in idea. It is this that strikes one in the present volumes in "The Holy Grail," "De Profundis," "The Ancient Sage," "Vastness," and "Merlin and the Gleam." To some of these poems the notes bring valuable illumination. Thus from the poet's own note we learn that "What the Ancient Sage says is not the philosophy of the Chinese philosopher Laot-ze, but it was written after reading his life and maxims." And in the case of "The Gleam" the editor, on his father's authority, gives a long explanation as allegorical of the poet's own life.

Putnams have brought out an attractive reprint of Poe's "Complete Poems," with the critical introduction of Prof. Charles F. Richardson and the illustrations of F. S. Coburn.

With impartial prodigality Henry Holt & Co. have turned out two anthologies of the same character and of almost the same appearance. One is "The Poetic Old-World," compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey and printed uniformly with E. V. Lucas's charming anthologies, "The Open Road" and "The Friendly Town." The poems are arranged systematically by places, and, where un-English writers are drawn upon (French, German, Greek, and Latin), a verse translation is added. The selections, on the whole, are good, most of them familiar enough, but none the worse for that. And the editor has been wise, we think, in looking for pieces that convey some sentiment, personal or historical, connected with a place, rather than for mere descriptions. Only, from the wealth of material about Paris, better things might be found than the fantasies of Mrs. Browning and Edward Dowden. In breadth of choice the other anthology, "Poems for Travellers," by Mary R. J. DuBois, is the superior, but its arrangement is not so good, and it is not so attractively printed. Either volume would be a pleasant companion to the old-fashioned traveller, if such there still be, who dutifully tries to evoke the proper poetic sentiment on the right spot, or to the fireside traveller who regards the world from his own "Friendly Town."

Of making many editions of Jane Austen there is no end. The market, however, should never be glutted; for these are books that everyone who pretends to literary taste should own. The latest set (ten volumes) is in the St. Martin's Illustrated Library of Standard Authors, issued in London by Chatto & Windus and in this country by Duffield & Co. The first two volumes, "Pride and Prejudice," just out, are very attractive. Reginald Brimley Johnson furnishes a general introduction, which is rather scrappy and perfunctory, but happily brief. Little is to be told about Miss Austen's life, and that little has been frequently printed. Mr. Johnson himself said it all once, some sixteen years ago, in his introduction to Dent's popular edition. But the essential thing, after all, is the novels themselves; and they are presented in ad-

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mirable form, neat binding, a well-proportioned page, light and opaque paper, and large type. The feature of the edition is the illustrations in color, some twenty in all, by A. Wallis Mills. Really to illustrate Jane Austen is, of course, impossible, for no artist can do more than faintly suggest the charm of Elizabeth Bennet and the fatuity of Mr. Collins. The Austen enthusiast is likely, therefore, to regard any pictures as an impertinence. These, we are bound to say, are better than most. They happily reproduce the costumes and furniture of the period, and most of them cleverly portray character. Lydia Bennet must have resembled closely the imaginary likeness in the second volume; and Lady Catherine de Bourgh is eminently satisfactory. Mr. Darcy, on the other hand, is unconvincing. The end papers of both volumes show Mr. Bennet telling Mrs. Bennet and Elizabeth of his call on Mr. Bingley—a spirited and amusing picture.

The "Year Book of the Holland Society of New York" is now published for 1906, containing genealogical lists together with a record of the twenty-first annual dinner given at the Waldorf-Astoria, January 18, 1906.

To its excellent reference lists the Library of Congress has added the subjects "Corrupt Practices in Elections" and "Workingmen's Insurance." It also issues a second edition of the "List of Works relating to Government Regulation of Insurance."

In two substantial volumes the Carnegie library of Pittsburgh has brought its "Classified Catalogue" down to the end of 1906, from July 1, 1902, the termination date of the three volumes issued last year. The whole work is a model of cataloguing, and the brief descriptions added to titles not sufficiently explained by the table of contents render it useful to the scholar of various fields.

Though bristling with technical terms—and the technical terms of prosody are about the most repulsive in the language—Prof. Paul Shorey's paper on "Choriambic Dimeter and the Rehabilitation of the Antispast," in the Transactions of the American Philological Association (Vol. XXXVIII.) is of broad literary interest. Without following the argument into details, we may say that it is a rather savage attack on those leaders of the "new metric," who for a flexible scansion corresponding to a universal rhythmic feeling are substituting a scholastic schematization. Professor Shorey starts from the only assumption that can lead to any comprehensible conclusion, *i. e.*, that the rhythm is not a linguistic puzzle, but is based on an unchangeable physical sense, and he assumes that no one is qualified to speak of the rhythms of the ancients who has not trained his ear to a nice sensitiveness by careful reading aloud of the moderns. Other papers in this issue of the Transactions are "Notes on Stoning Among the Greeks and Romans," by Dr. A. S. Pease; "Indications of a Consonant-Shift in Siamese since the Introduction of Alphabetical Writing," by Prof. C. B. Bradley; "Rusunia," by Prof. E. W. Martin; "The Criticism of Photius on the Attic Orators," by Prof. La Rue van Hook; "The Theatre as a Factor in Roman Politics under the Republic," by Prof. F. F. Abbott; "A Knight Ther Was," by Prof. J. M. Manly; and "The Distribution of Oriental Cults in the Gauls and the Germanies," by Prof. C. H. Moore.

A pamphlet of 183 pages contains the Proceedings of the American Society of International Law at its second annual meeting, held in Washington, on April 24 and 25, 1908. Secretary Root opened with his paper, "The Sanctions of International Law." George Turner of Spokane, United States Senator from Washington, took up the question whether, for the protection of foreigners whose rights of person and property we undertake to guarantee by treaty, the general government might not legally, and should not, make provision, by national legislation, especially in view of our experience in the Mountain Meadows (Wyoming) massacre in 1885, and the lynching of Italians in New Orleans in 1891. The discussion was continued by various speakers. Another important question, on which Secretary Oscar Straus spoke first, was: How far should loans raised in neutral nations for the use of belligerents be considered a violation of neutrality? During the late Russo-Japanese war large Japanese loans were negotiated and publicly raised in this country, and large Russian loans publicly advertised and raised in France and Germany. Other subjects discussed were Arbitration at the Hague Conference, the Codification of International Law, and the Organization, Jurisdiction, and Procedure of an International Court of Prize.

In "Introductory Economics" (New York: School of Liberal Arts and Sciences for Non-Residents), Alvin S. Johnson has prepared an elementary text of 338 pages to bring the essentials of economic theory down to the comprehension of those students of mature mind who cannot readily betake themselves to the ordinary instruction of the class-room. His exposition is clear, lively, and attractive. He has chosen to treat of certain essential portions of theory rather than to organize his work into a closely compacted whole. If any criticism is to be passed upon his work it is that it is confessedly eclectic rather than hewn from a single quarry. Moreover, the atavistic tendency of the newly-fledged professor to reproduce the tenets of a favorite master is distinctly in evidence. One who does not accept the subtle concept of capital to which the genius of John B. Clark has given such wide currency will doubt whether Clark's view of capital is not a rather stiff dose for the beginner. To conceive of capital as an abstract "sum of productive wealth, invested in material things which are perpetually shifting," which "lives as it were, by transmigration" (p. 153), which is always arising, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of its erstwhile material embodiment, and which is of necessity productive, is a hard task for many an economic gray-beard. The treatment of wages is good, except that their being the discounted value of labor's product, marginally viewed, is not properly insisted on. In the field of banking, the author has confessedly followed Dunbar, and no one is a safer guide. The treatment of money is good, but rather cursory. Foreign trade is admirably discussed under the safe guidance of the classical writers. Capitalization is presented much in the method of Fetter (misspelled *Felter* in preface). The absence of an index is inexcusable.

It is good to see "M. Antoninus Imperator ad Se Ipsum" in the beautiful type of the Oxford Library of Classical Authors. The text has been edited by I. H. Leopold, who adds the usual brief critical notes and references for quotations.

We could wish P. S. Allen's "Selections from Erasmus" (Henry Frowde) might be used in our colleges as extra reading to bring a touch of modern life into the class-room. The extracts, mostly from the letters, are all entertaining, and the style is easy. The editor has made some changes in the text in order to straighten out errors in the use of moods and tenses and other grammatical slips due to the rapidity with which Erasmus wrote. Considering the purpose of the book, we have no objection to this process, but it would have been better if the corrections had been indicated at the bottom of the page. The notes show that the work was prepared for very young scholars in England; it will serve better in this country as sight reading for older classes.

If any one wishes a plain account of the prominent French novelists and their work he can easily get it by turning to Winifred Stephens's "French Novelists of To-day" (John Lane Co.). The book makes no pretension to criticism. But it contains a list of each author's writings and sufficient comment to give a pretty good idea of his scope and the general estimate in which he is held at present. In addition, the biographical treatment makes the volume altogether a handy source of information.

Carl Schmitt has published an analysis of modern German fiction in "Der moderne Roman; Ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte" (Osnabrück: Pillmeyer). He has collected a good deal of interesting data on the subject, but it is not always clear what his literary canons and principles are. The book, however, is, in many respects, readable and suggestive.

C. H. Beck, Munich, has begun to publish a popular collection of many kinds of literature, under the general title, Statuen deutscher Kultur. The latest issues are Vol. XIV., "Dichter und ihre Gesellen," by Eichendorff; Vol. XV., "Gedichte," Eichendorff; Vol. XVI., "Gedanken und Gedichte," Philipp Otto Runge.

Pastor Hans Spieser, a resident of Alsace, has in his recent "Elsass-Lothringen als Bundesstaat" (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn) produced evidence that the hopes of the Germans, including Bismarck in 1870, that the new generation would be exponents of German thought and culture, were sadly mistaken. The French is still the language of the educated classes; and, rather singularly, the immigrating Germans have taken it up because they desire to give their children, particularly their daughters, a bilingual education. These educational ideals the author terms *Bildungsschwindel*, because when educated in two languages a child really has no *Muttersprache*.

In the Geographische Monographien (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing), Vol. XXII. has just appeared, "Die Vogesen," by Eduard Grucker, with 130 illustrations.

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"War Abraham eine historische Persönlichkeit?" is the title of a detailed investigation by Fritz Wilke (Leipzig: Dieterich). The author, after examining critically the sources of the Abraham stories, and rejecting the astro-mythological interpretation, concludes that substantially the Old Testament accounts are historically correct, although the introduction of *Sagen* is not denied. Abraham himself is the founder of a religion in contrast to certain Canaanitish creeds; but the question of his being a contemporary of Hammurabi is left unanswered.

Parts ii. and iii. of Vol. I. of Professor H. von Soden's "Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments in ihrer ältesten erreichbaren Textgestalt hergestellt auf Grund ihrer Textgeschichte" (Berlin: A. Duncker) carry this piece of New Testament criticism from page 706 to 1,648. The first part appeared as early as 1903. The delay in publication has been caused by the immense mass of detail to be handled; and even as it is, these three parts give only the textual history of the Gospels; that of the Acts, which is to complete the first volume, is still unfinished. The author regards all the manuscripts extant as representative of distinct text recensions, and he first of all seeks to determine the different recensions, classify the manuscripts according to these, and thus determine what the original readings of the New Testament books were. His determination of the different recensions is based chiefly on inner evidences. Whether his conclusions are accepted or not, his vast collection of new matter makes his work a monument of scholarship.

Fr. Spitta in his "Streitfragen der Geschichte Jesu" (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht) proceeds from the conviction that the extreme emphasis put upon Mark as the chief or sole basis for the reconstruction of the life of Jesus has led to dangerous skepticism. Accordingly, by a reëxamination of the sources the author reaches the conclusion that Luke often stands nearer the common source of the Synoptics than do Matthew and Mark, and that Luke often in a remarkable manner agrees with the Joannine tradition.

Conservative churchmen of Germany have united to publish a new series of popular, yet scholarly, discussions of present religious problems under the title Brennende kirkliche Fragen (Helmstedt: J. C. Schmidt). The series opens with Dr. J. Boehmer's "Das Reich Gottes in Schrift und Kirchengeschichte." This series seems in scope and purpose to be not unlike that edited by Dr. J. Rump (Gütersloh; C. Bertelsmann) under the title Für Gottes Wort und Luthers Lehr. Of this latter series six pamphlets have been published.

The *Statistische Korrespondenz* has published an instructive comparison of the teaching force at the twenty universities of Germany as it is now with what it was a decade ago. The total increase has been from 2,445 to 3,090, or 26.38 per cent. Since for every one hundred *ordinarii* there are 61.33 *extraordinarii* (only 51.06 ten years ago) and 87.08 privat docents (only 67.74 a decade back), it is evident that the prospects of advancement have become less; and in this repect the case is more serious in the non-Prussian universities than in the nine Prussian.

The comparative popularity of our authors in foreign lands is an interesting study. Though partly a matter of chance, it undoubtedly affords some evidence of universality of appeal on the one hand and of national tastes on the other. We have long been aware of the world-wide vogue of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the Leatherstocking Tales, and the "Psalm of Life." In Germany and England, Washington Irving and Mark Twain have found hosts of readers; and in England and France, Whitman and Poe are at home. The Italians, who seem to have taken especially to Stowe, Cooper, and Longfellow, have by no means neglected Poe. There have been several translations of his stories, some from the English, some from Baudelaire's French. The older attempts are, however, quite eclipsed by a new version due to Prof. Filippo Orlando of Florence, well known in his own country as the director of the *Giornale di Erudizione* and as the editor of various rare and curious works of literature. His volume of "Racconti straordinarj," just issued (Florence: Nerbini), comprises eleven of the tales, well chosen to represent different types. The translation combines intelligent fidelity to the original with a pure, idiomatic Italian style. Two of the poems, "The Palace of Thought" and "The Conqueror Worm," are turned, verse for verse, into semi-rhythmic prose. It is instructive, as well as entertaining, to note how cleverly the thought is rendered in a medium so remote from our own. Romeo Costelli's weird, almost grotesque, illustrations, which adorn the attractive book, are entirely in the romantic vein. Professor Orlando intends to translate all of Poe's stories and some of his other prose works.

The suite of apartments at 82 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, where Sully-Prudhomme lived, is to be kept as a memorial of the poet.

The Rev. Francis Tiffany, a Unitarian clergyman, died at Cambridge, Mass., September 3. He was born in Maryland in 1827, and was graduated from Harvard in 1847. Among his books are: "Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix," "Bird Bolts," "Life of Charles Francis Barnard," and a volume of travels, "This Goodly Frame, the Earth."

The death is announced, in his sixty-third year, of C. A. J. Fritz Schultze, professor of philosophy and pedagogics in the Technical High School of Dresden. His works include "Geschichte der Philosophie der Renaissance," "Stammbuch der Philosophie," "Philosophie der Naturwissenschaft," "Kant und Darwin," and "Psychologie der Tiere und Pflanzen."

Henri Edmond Harduin, whose clever articles, "Propos d'un Parisien," in *Le Matin*, attracted considerable notice, has just died, at the age of sixty-two. He was a journalist of long standing, and had been connected with a number of Parisian journals.

Domenico Zanichelli, professor of jurisprudence in the University of Pisa and of constitutional law in the Institute of Social Sciences at Florence, died recently. He was one of the most eminent Italian specialists of his time. He published a large number of studies on international law and jurisprudence and contributed frequently to *La Nuova Antologia*. He is best known outside of his specialty for an analytical monograph on Cavour (1904). He was a son of the founder of the famous publishing house at Bologna, and was about fifty years old.

A CRITIC AND STATESMAN.

Critical Miscellanies. By John Morley. Vol. IV. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Readers who began nearly forty years ago to admire the essays of John Morley—it takes time to think or speak of the lifelong radical as *Lord* Morley—will rejoice that he has collected into a volume another sheaf of essays. Two of these are on Renaissance Italians, one criticises the Positivist Calendar, one commemorates John Stuart Mill, another makes Frederic Harrison's "Theophano" the text for a definition of the part played by the mediæval Greek Empire in the drama of civilization, and two deal with democracy. The contents, it will be seen, give scope to the historian, the literary critic, and the statesman who make up Morley's genius and have worked together so effectively through his later career.

The essay on Machiavelli, which stands first, is the Romanes Lecture for 1897, widely commented on then, and likely to be long discussed; for it is the best analysis in English of the character and doctrines of the author of "The Prince." In setting this value on it, we have not forgotten Macaulay, nor Symonds, nor Lord Acton's preface. Macaulay's essay, indeed, although written when he was under thirty, with only such critical helps as the time afforded him, displays a remarkable faculty of divination and other qualities, by right of which—after a generation of comparative neglect, or at least of disesteem—he is coming again to be regarded as a great historian. But Morley's analysis, the product of ripe intellect, goes deeper and puts in our hands the clues to farther-reaching implications than Macaulay's possibly could. He devotes much attention to Machiavelli's life, which was the background, if not the determining cause of his opinions. Morley's reference to "The Prince" itself, though brief, is searching. He calls it "the most direct, concentrated, and unflinching contribution ever made to the secularization of politics." It "brings into a full light, never before shed upon it, the awful manichæism of human history, the fierce and unending collision of type, ideal, standard, and endeavor." Pregnant is his paraphrase of Machiavelli's criticism of Christianity, which "calls for strength in us to suffer rather than to do." "This seems to have rendered the world weak"—a suggestion in which the gospel of Nietzsche lies as in a seed. On Machiavelli's purpose in writing "The Prince," a theme which

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refuses to cease from troubling, Morley makes the following comment, which will satisfy most of his readers:

> The view that he rejected moral elements of government for a scientific purpose and as a hypothetical postulate, seems highly doubtful. Is he not more intelligible, if we take him as following up the divorce of politics from theology, by a divorce from ethics also? He was laying down certain maxims of government as an art; the end of that art is the security and permanence of the ruling power; and the fundamental principle from which he silently started, without shadow of doubt or misgiving as to its soundness, was that the application of moral standards to this business is as little to the point as it would be in the navigation of a ship. The effect was fatal even for his own purpose, for what he put aside, whether for the sake of argument or because he thought them in substance irrelevant, were nothing less than the living forces by which societies subsist and governments are strong (pp. 50, 51).

The essay on Guicciardini has more novelty for English readers than that on Machiavelli, because Guicciardini has been little discussed by our modern writers. He was not, like the imaginary Johnny Keats, "snuffed out" by an article, but he has been the victim of an epigram almost as damning as that which Pope flung at Bacon. Recently only Symonds, so far as we recall, has given him a respectful survey; but Symonds, whether in depth, calibre, or maturity, is not Morley. This essay will do much to rehabilitate Guicciardini, and to show why it was that Cavour said that "he really knew affairs, and knew them far better than Machiavelli." Morley quotes liberally from his maxims, which reveal the political philosopher, and does justice to the "History," in which appear traits that are supposed to be peculiarly modern. Perhaps the characteristic which most widely separates Guicciardini and Machiavelli from political writers to-day is their lack of cant. We have become so used to hearing wicked acts referred to under pious aliases that we are amazed at those Renaissance observers who gave each act its proper name.

Of the essay on the Positivist Calendar we need only say that it tests Lord Morley's catholicity, and gives him a fair excuse for venting a little sarcasm on the doctrinaire who omitted Wordsworth, Calvin, Chatham, Wesley, and Rousseau from a calendar of nearly 600 great men, among whom are included Penn, Francia, and Tibullus. The *causerie*, as the author calls it, on John Stuart Mill blends criticism and reminiscence, and brings into the foreground some of the qualities which made Mill a great force for over fifty years. Morley has not outgrown his master on the ethical side, but he has annexed to his own province fields in which Mill never even roamed. In hinting at Mill's limitations, he still makes it perfectly clear where his strength lay.

The charm and value of these essays depend largely on the fact that they are the product of a rich mind, which has thoroughly digested its knowledge, and has tested books by experience. So we come at random upon passages which touch many subjects. In the review of "Theophano," for instance, there is a brief refutation of Prof. J. B. Bury's assertion that "history is not a branch of literature," since "history is a science," and the historian must not "transgress the province of facts." "Perhaps some of Professor Bury's more youthful listeners, with the presumption of their years, may have asked themselves whether the historian is to present all the facts of his period on his subject; if not, whether he will not be forced to select"—which he cannot do "without some guiding principle, conception, or preconception." This is *lèse-*pedantry in the first degree; but it is also truth, pointed with raillery, which Morley perfects by concluding with the remark that Professor Bury "is the most readable and enjoyable" of Byzantine historians, "*if I may say so without offence*" (pp. 231-34). We might cull scores of passages in which in like manner great themes and small are summed up, or we might cite *obiter dicta* on men and books, all of which would show that these essays are noble specimens of criticism. The critic is, we take it, the irreducible personage in John Morley's make-up: he might never have been a statesman or a biographer; but he was born a critic. The critic prevails, and prevents him from becoming a doctrinaire. He has his causes, dear to him as life, but they make him neither unjust nor narrow. Only such a critic could write the essay on "Democracy and Reaction," in which he reviews the questions which now perplex civilized men. We commend it alike to those who, despairing of democracy, retreat on one side to paternal government in any of its forms, or plunge, on the other side, into Socialism. In addition to penetrating analysis, the review shows poise in the writer—and poise is probably the most needed and the scarcest virtue among the champions of any of these parties to-day. Lack of poise utterly vitiated Lecky's book on "Democracy and Liberty," which is here pilloried by Morley with an energy which at times almost strains his habitual good humor. These two papers, especially the first, ought to have the widest reading. Nowhere should they be more welcome than in this country, whose undemocratic practices have furnished the most awful examples to the enemies of democracy, and whose populations to-day have reached the parting of the ways.

We have attempted merely to call attention to some of the striking points in this remarkable volume. We cannot close without reëmphasizing their amplitude. Here erudition is unpedantic; here knowledge is made human; here maturity is mellow, and not crabbed. In his construction and style, Morley has grown more and more limber. These essays approach Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries*—loose, sinuous, lively, and suited, like the best conversation, to digressions and asides. This was the method of Montaigne, seemingly so casual, if not spontaneous. Whoever will compare Morley's earlier studies—on Pascal, or Vauvenargues, or De Maistre, for instance—with this later yield, will see what we mean. The difference is important, for it indicates that years have not caused in Morley's case that intellectual sclerosis, that hardening of the arteries of thought and feeling, that are so painful to witness. And his convictions he holds with a perfect steadfastness which does not preclude urbanity. He has looked too many creeds in the face to be disconcerted by the newest; he has followed the course of too many movements throughout history to be deceived by day-dreams. And he communicates to his readers the tonic of a moral nature which, having seen so much and blinked nothing, declares that "life is too short for depression."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Firing Line. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Chambers's scene is here removed from Fifth Avenue to Palm Beach and a certain Luckless Lake in the northern mountains; but his people are the same, and his appeal as ever is to the mob which reads the "society" column and hovers about the awnings of the great. His unctuous delight in the festivities and extravagances of the rich does not fail. That lavishness which has recently darkened the mournful brow of Upton Sinclair fills him with an eager approbation. He loves the spectacle of immense wealth flowering into stupendous luxury, and he chants the material glories of Gotham with the simple (or is it sly?) art of a Scheherezade busy with her Baghdad. He has been accused of writing for the shop-girl; but he is undoubtedly read also by the "smart." If there is one fact made clear by, let us say, the incidental testimony of the fashionable novelist and the fashionable divorce-court, it is that the moral and intellectual codes of "smart" people are of almost infantine simplicity. The heroes and heroines of Mr. Chambers are differentiated only by manners and dress and sumptuous setting from the humbler Damons and Phyllises who adore them.

The "young Hamil" and "Shiela" of this story are an insignificant pair—the usual pair of juvenile fiction. He is a landscape architect in the middle twenties, and she is the adopted daughter of a multi-millionaire. The multi-million-

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aire is doing great things in Florida with the aid of young Hamil, who falls in love with Shiela. Her unknown parentage is understood to be a disgrace in itself, and she is further disqualified, so far as young Hamil is concerned, by an existing though secret and nominal marriage. To keep the husband, Malcourt, in the foreground for general purposes of discomfort, until it is time for him to be removed, is a familiar and well-tested recipe. It cannot, however, fairly be charged that Mr. Chambers retains him only as a convenience; Malcourt, with his dark grace, his cynical speech—the sum-total of his undergraduate Byronism—is a person for whom his creator has an obvious regard.

The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is a good yarn, reeled off with considerable spirit. It owes much to Clark Russell, as is almost inevitable, and its characters are hardly more than the good old stock-puppets—the young gentleman forced by strange circumstances into command, the lone lady of marvellous beauty (this time discreetly chaperoned by a maid), the hypocritical villain, here somewhat reminiscent of that prince of canters, old Tom Turnpenny of "Redgauntlet," the miscellaneous, semi-mutinous crew. But a good deal of ingenuity is shown in getting the hero into his uncomfortable situation; the story is interesting, and the descriptions of the Antarctic seas are unusually, almost distressingly, vivid. Mr. Parrish's style is fair, in spite of an occasional lapse. The Spanish treasure-ship seems rather archaic in build for 1753, and might just as well have been a hundred or two years older; centuries cost nothing and add to the effect. The book is agreeably illustrated "in full color."

The Brotherhood of Wisdom. By Frances J. Armour. New York: John Lane Co.

To all who have longed to slip this muddy vesture of decay—temporarily—this story should serve as a warning that the experience may prove more than a spiritual holiday. Professor Jackson, a scientist of the traditional type, has discovered a fearful and wonderful combination of chemistry and electricity that can liberate the astral body. The body of flesh lies in a stupor while its impalpable counterpart, unhindered by the forces of nature, explores at leisure the hidden places of the earth. Should the excursion be unduly prolonged, however, the spirit is likely to be left homeless by the death of the deserted body; it is also a defenceless prey to any spirits of stronger volition that it may encounter. A fine theme for a pithy short story has been stretched by divers expedients to the dimensions of a novel; and shows its resentment, as ideas will, by declining to infuse with any of its own life the mechanical effects that have been forced upon it.

White Rose of Weary Leaf. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

Is joy thy dower or grief,
White rose of weary leaf,
Late rose whose life is brief, whose loves are light?

This snatch of Swinburne supplies an unusually apt title. Whether joy or grief is the sum of Amy Steevens's brief life, and, as such matters are judged, light love, is the query which remains at the end of this narrative. Its manner is modern—a hard brilliancy which extenuates nothing. Its matter is, up to a certain point, familiar enough. The general situation is Brontesque: a youngish woman who has been thrown upon her own resources becomes an inmate of an English country-house as a species of lady-factotum. The master of the house, past middle age and something of a Turk, presently makes determined love to her. Without going further into the plot, we may say that it is a disconcerting tale, not to be commended to readers of tender sensibility. But distressing as the facts of the story would sound if baldly stated, they are not, under the given interpretation, to be dismissed with a mere gesture of disgust. What might be a situation of sheer vulgar bathos is invested with certain elements of tragedy. Amy Steevens is a strong as well as appealing figure; and even the real criminal is not altogether ignoble.

The Grey Knight. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Grey Knight" will appeal to precisely the class of readers which would experience the keenest discomfort in reading "White Rose of Weary Leaf." Here is again the same general situation—the country-house, the lady errant, the domineering Briton. But matters are minced to the taste of the most exacting sentimentalist. The wooing is attended by no circumstance more distressing than naturally follows upon her old-style meekness and his old-style pride. She nurses him through an attack of pleurisy, and he, being thirty years her senior (after the habit of Mrs. de la Pasture's heroes), falls madly in love with her. With the complications which lead to separation and reconciliation we shall not deal. Enough to say that, when he eventually restores her to his bosom, like a wounded dove, it is with that air of conscious magnanimity with which, if the story-writers are to be credited, the fine old crusted British gentleman ceases to be a brute. Mrs. de la Pasture writes always sweetly and amiably, and if she has nothing in particular to add to our criticism of life, she knows well how to compound a drowsy syrup of sentiment which is palatable to the many persons who, for one reason or another, shrink from that heady liquor of romance which abides in things as they are.

The Well in the Desert. By Adeline Knapp. New York: The Century Co.

To the misfortunes and ingenuities of Robinson Crusoe add the luck of Monte Cristo, substitute for the latter's vengefulness a lofty moral purpose, and then let Arizona furnish a few desert scenes and some picturesque oaths; the result will be something much like this book. Gabriel Gard, a convict serving time for another's crime, escapes from prison in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, and is carried by a succession of marvellously timed miracles to a desert fastness, where he finds health, religion, and a gold mine. The one and only wild American camel (guaranteed genuine in a footnote) comes to his rescue, as do two cloudbursts. The purpose of the book, so far as one exists, is to show that a man, in three years of utter solitude, can learn to love his fellows even to the point of forgetting old grudges. From this it must not be inferred that the chapters are adorned with psychological analysis; on the contrary, all the characters move in a stream of events. The book, viewed as a collection of exciting anecdotes of life in the Southwest, is readable.

The Life of Sir Halliday Macartney. By Demetrius C. Boulger. New York: John Lane Co. $6 net.

Sir Halliday Macartney does not belong among the most distinguished men who have served in the Far East, but he fulfilled highly important functions. He was unfortunate perhaps in doing his work in the service of a foreign country instead of for his native land, and in never attaining the height of his ambition, but his life is well worth studying by those who desire to know the inner history of China for the last fifty years.

Born in 1833, he entered Edinburgh University in 1852 with the intention of becoming a doctor; but before his studies were completed he went to the Crimea, where he gained his first experience of foreign lands in connection with the medical staff of the Anglo-Turkish contingent. At the close of the war he returned to Edinburgh, finished his course, and in 1858 was appointed third assistant surgeon in the Ninety-ninth Regiment. He started at once for India; then in the final stages of the great mutiny. At the end of the same year the regiment proceeded to China, where Sir Halliday was to find his career. It was

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in the time of the Taeping Rebellion and the British were aiding the government. Macartney, from his entrance into China, had given himself to the study of the language, and when opportunity offered he resigned his position in the British Army and began his lifelong employment as a servant of the Chinese. In the beginning, he attached himself to Li Hung Chang. Having thrown in his lot with the Chinese, he took for his wife a Taeping princess and lived in semi-Chinese fashion, though extending from his home in Nanking a generous hospitality to foreign visitors. When Li Hung Chang was appointed Viceroy Macartney undertook the establishment of an arsenal. Without experience or any special technical knowledge, he proved that his Scotch common sense was equal to the occasion and brought the arsenal at Nanking to a high degree of efficiency. Finally, Macartney was appointed English secretary of the newly established Chinese Legation in London and for the remaining thirty years of his life was in the thick of the diplomatic transactions between East and West. His wife died at the beginning of his new career and he married an accomplished French woman.

It is beyond our scope to go further into the details of his eventful life, but it may be interesting to record his judgment of the Chinese themselves. From an early period he had desired to attain a position of exceptional influence with the Chinese Court, and had hoped to take a place with the great Emperors similar to that occupied long before him by the French missionaries, but this project proved impossible. At times he seemed on the point of realizing his ambition, but he was always thwarted through the treachery of the mandarins. It throws light upon present conditions to note that in the beginning he found among the Chinese no aversion to foreign inventions or to foreigners, for the prejudice and hatred which belonged to the latter part of the nineteenth century had not manifested themselves in the '60's and '70's. Everywhere, he tells us, the foreigner "was honored and respected." But ready as the Chinese were to honor the foreigner, they were not ready to follow his advice beyond a certain point and nothing could be allowed to interfere with universal and unimpeded graft. The Chinese soldiers and sailors were of excellent material and could be trained so as to equal their fellow of any race, but the officers had a far different character. Sir Halliday's Chinese colleagues with a few exceptions blocked him at every turn, and other foreigners had a like experience. Thus in 1896,

> Commander Dundas, R. N., a very capable officer, went out to China imbued with the importance of his task, and full of energy for its accomplishment . . . and the Peking authorities, quarrelling among themselves or madly hoping to get rid of foreigners altogether by the Boxer movement, turned a deaf ear to his requests. He was breaking his bodily and mental strength only to find that the Chinese were still devotees of make-believe or the grand sham.

After all the years which had passed and all the opportunities which had come to the Chinese, and all the devoted labors of their foreign servants, when the war came with Japan, China was still wholly unprepared. Sir Halliday "blamed Li Hung Chang exclusively for the whole fiasco, first for having signed the Convention with Marquis Ito, secondly for having neglected to make adequate preparations for war. China, he often said, made a better fight of it in 1860 against England and France than she did in 1894 against Japan alone. Li Hung Chang, he declared, must be either in his dotage or dull to all sense of patriotism by his excessive cupidity." And Sir Halliday does not hesitate to call his old friend "traitor." The famous Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, the Marquis Tseng, almost alone escapes the damaging criticism of Sir Halliday. Had Marquis Tseng lived or had he found worthy successors and colleagues, the course of history in China for the last fifteen years might have been far different.

It is the fashion in certain quarters to praise the businesslike honesty and common sense of the Chinese in comparison with the Japanese. A book like this shows how much foundation there is in fact for such an opinion. China, we are told, is at last awake and is starting upon a career of national regeneration. If that career is to be a success or to have any result other than those attained since 1860, it can be only by a thoroughgoing change of heart in the officials who control the destiny of the Empire. It is not new inventions or new programmes which China needs, but a new set of men with at least a fraction of the honesty and clear-sighted patriotism of the group of statesmen who have transformed Japan. The course of events in China from 1859, compared with the course of events in Japan from the same date, gives us the measure of the comparative integrity and wisdom of the men who are in charge of the two great empires of the Far East.

The Optimism of Butler's "Analogy." By the Rev. Henry Scott Holland. New York: Henry Frowde.

All students of Bishop Butler's works will cordially subscribe to an appreciation of his sterling qualities, the openness and candor of his mind, its vigor and breadth of sympathy in dealing with a wide range of subjects. But while the spirit in which he wrought will always challenge admiration, it is quite another matter to suppose that, as Canon Holland suggests in this Romanes Lecture, "he may, once again, be drawn into the central currents of our intellectual life." And the "Analogy," on which this hope is based, is that portion of his philosophical writings least fitted to survive. Few read it; no one studies it. In contrast with the neglect into which this book of our fathers has fallen, the moral theory of Butler, chiefly given in a few of his sermons, still receives serious attention at the hands of students of ethics.

The reason for the decadence of interest in the "Analogy" is not far to seek. Butler's theological views were too closely linked with a conception of the world that has passed away to retain vitality for the present age. Gladstone's devotion to the "Analogy" was highly significant. He could have given no clearer proof that he had wholly failed to grasp the meaning of the great currents of scientific and philosophical thought of the nineteenth century, Butler's argument for revealed religion could only be effective with those who accepted, on the basis of natural religion, as did both the orthodox believers and the deists of Butler's own day, the existence of "the God of Design and Purpose." This being had fashioned the world as a watchmaker constructs a watch, and, equally with the watchmaker, remained outside of what he had created. This absent deity possessed, however, certain infinite attributes, the boundlessly extended transcripts of the nobler intellectual and moral qualities of man. But the moment the protesting intellect of a later age declared that nature yielded no evidence for the existence of that sort of deity, Butler's argument fell of its own weight, and a fundamental reconstruction of religious ideas became necessary. Perhaps it is the unwillingness to undertake the difficult and self-renouncing task of such reconstruction that renders so large a portion of contemporary apologetics singularly unconvincing, even though their authors are possessed as is Canon Holland, of the graces of literary style and a general acquaintance with modern scientific and philosophical thought.

The Cradle of the Deep. By Sir Frederick Treves. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00 net.

The imposing size—and price—of this volume, its fair, large print, its fifty-four illustrations, its four maps and careful index, most of all, its distinguished authorship, prepare the reader for a much more important and valuable work than he finds. If, however, he takes it up for what it is, a rambling descriptive account of a recent voyage in the West Indies, written at leisure and with great gusto and packed with historical and romantic anecdote, he may spend a very pleasant hour.

Sir Frederick's style is flowery to the

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last degree; he lays on purple patches with joyous profusion. For describing tropical scenery such a style has its advantages, especially as the writer's color-sense is keenly discriminating as well as vivid, and his descriptions brilliantly specific. Here is one that is all color:

> Here . . . the sea assumes strange and unexpected tints; it may be violet, purple, or maroon, with streaks of lettuce-green or forget-me-not-blue, or may show a stretch of brilliant lustre, such as shines on a beetle's back, or may shimmer into a lake of lapis lazuli. In calm days the water over the reef will be lilac- or even claret-colored, or may take the hue of the nether side of a mushroom, while within the reef is that vivid green which can be looked down into from the stern of a steamer among the coiling eddies thrown up by the screw.

Sir Frederick is also unfailingly lively, with a sense of humor that sometimes degenerates into mere silliness, as when he says of the Earl of Leicester's search for gold in Trinidad:

> After a sleepless night, devoted to the contemplation of the high calling of a millionaire, Robert, the tourist, resolved to take possession of this gold mine which Providence and the "salvage" had placed in his hand.

Our author revels in the patriotic and the piratic history of the Caribbean, and tells with much imaginative detail a score of exploits of the great sea-dogs of old, but his reading seems to have its limitations, to judge by his reference to "one Samuel Champlain—a Frenchman with an English-sounding name—" whom he describes as "merely an early tourist, inquisitive and fond of making boyish maps." It is pleasant, on the other hand, to note that on one of the very few occasions when he speaks with authority, this great surgeon says of Col. Gorgas's work on the Isthmus:

> To his undying credit he has made this most unpromising strip of land a model of applied hygiene, and has shown, on a scale never before paralleled, what preventive medicine, under an enlightened and liberal direction, is capable of doing.

Grant's Campaign in Virginia, 1864 (The Wilderness Campaign). By Capt. Vaughan-Sawyer, Indian Army; with maps and plans. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

It was Colonel, now Major-General, Maurice of the English army, who declared that the Germans in part had succeeded, and the French failed, in 1870-71 because the first had studied the campaigns of our Civil War and the second had not. This declaration seems to have borne fruit, for of recent years we owe to European critics some valuable contributions to our own military history. Thus in the Special Campaign Series two out of eight volumes are devoted to our campaigns. The work in hand treats of the struggle of 1864 in Virginia, the beginning of the end.

We have seldom seen a book disgraced by such glaring errors. Names of places are wrongly spelled over and over again; *e. g.*, Reans Station (correct on map), Chancellorville, Murfreesburg, Chikamauga, Pinney Branch (which on the map masquerades as Pinney French), Khanawka (on map) though correct in the text. Many important places mentioned in the text do not appear on the maps, the general map of operations, May and June, 1864, for example, having thirteen omissions. The Sixth and Eighteenth Corps are transposed on the Cold Harbor map. Gen. Grant appears as H. S. Grant, the only time his initials are given, and Gen. (Edward) Johnson of the Confederacy always as Johnston, except on the map. A Briton who might correct these mistakes would still be confused by reading (p. 20) of "an expedition of 30,000 men under Banks to the town of Mobile near the mouth of the Mississippi"; and by learning (p. 71) that the Potomac had got south of Fredericksburg, (the *Po* being intended), that Grant (p. 73) had sent Sherman on a cavalry raid, and that Sheridan, returning from this raid, had (p. 74) "rejoined Lee." On p. 97 Gen. Sigel is reported defeated by a Federal force, and on p. 127 the Confederate army is again called Federal. Gen. Lee (p. 174) moves the corps of Anderson and Hill to cover Washington instead of Richmond. The Orange and Alexandria Railway (p. 94) is made to run northwest. The cardinal points again seem to embarrass the author, when (p. 109) he ascribes to Butler orders to "thrust himself through to the *east* of Richmond," that general being already considerably to the east of Richmond, in what became afterwards his justly celebrated "bottle." Moreover, a better set of maps and plans should be furnished. Some topography, at least, should appear on military maps, but these are nothing but sketches of roads, places, and streams. The general map of the Confederacy is the most useless thing of the sort we have seen. No State lines are given, and the Alleghanies appear as a single gigantic elongated ant-hill.

But all these errors and defects could easily be removed should a second edition be brought out, for, apart from them, this account of the campaign is really a good one, clear in arrangement, and impartial. The author sticks closely to the axis of events, and has resisted the temptation to overload his text with the multifarious detail that makes the reading of some military texts such wearisome business. His corrected book would be useful to those who wish a compact review of this campaign, and still more so to those who are looking for an introduction to its exhaustive study. His comments, though sparing, are judicious, and his analysis, with all its briefness, to the point.

A Family Chronicle: Derived from Notes and Letters Selected by Barbarina, the Hon. Lady Grey. Edited by Gertrude Lyster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This is a series of desultory family chronicles extending over three generations. At the outset, we are introduced to the Ogles, the Wilmots, and others who had contact with Garrick and his circle. Then we come to Lady Dacre, an interesting personage who, during the early part of the nineteenth century, had a high reputation as a "literary luminary." She wrote introductions "by a Lady of Quality" to volumes of aristocratic prose and verse; she translated Petrarch; her *placet* was worth (once at least) £500 to a young author whom she helped; and her own works attained to the dignity of a collected edition. But what is interesting to us to-day is the picture of life under George the Third and Fourth, which her correspondence affords. Sydney Smith and his brother Bobus, Charles and Fanny Kemble, Chantrey, the Hollands, Bulwer, and many others whose name or fame still survives, flit in and out of the pages. Here too are Joanna Baillie, "Shakespeare's sister," and Miss Mitford, the friendly and talented writer, who, we feel, was loaded to the gunwale with an assorted cargo of virtues. Lady Dacre's daughter married Admiral Frederick Grey, and her papers carry the family story on almost to the end of Queen Victoria's reign. Besides personal, social, and literary matters, they furnish vivid sights of the Crimean War, where Grey served on the Hannibal, and of Cape Colony, to command which station he was appointed in 1857; and there are extracts from Lady Grey's diary during a visit to Mauritius and Madagascar. We end with an account of a conversation between Matthew Arnold and Fanny Kemble, shortly before Arnold's death. The fortunes of the Sullivans, Lady Grey's parents, help to fill out the picture, as her father was a rural rector.

Such a volume is naturally desultory; therein lies much of its charm. This one gives us, however, some interesting side-lights on historic events; the state of mind of the upper Whig society at the time of the Reform Bill, for instance, and a glowing description of the Queen's coronation, at which Mrs. Sullivan (like other spectators) sat in Westminster Abbey from 6 A. M. till 5:30 P. M. A good many stories, some of them hitherto inedited, crop up here and there. None is better than this of Lady Holland, the widow of Macaulay's patron:

> She was at Lord Radnor's, and they could not get rid of her. Lord Radnor thought of unroofing the house, but tried first what

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prayers of a Sunday evening would do. She was highly pleased (very gracious, Lady Morley said, because she knew they longed to get rid of her), and said she would go down for prayers. Whether she was ill I do not know, but it seems she had to be carried downstairs, and wrapped herself up in cloaks, etc. In the midst she called out for more cloaks, which were brought to her. When she went up to the drawing-room again, she said to Lord Radnor (he having finished with the Lord's Prayer): "I like that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it, it is a very nice one—pray whose is it? (p. 203).

The following memorandum by Lady Dacre would seem to settle the authorship of a literary puzzle over which discussion has been kept up since 1820:

Found among my old hoards, February 3, 1846, Catherine Fanshawe's "Riddle on the Letter H." in her own handwriting, given to me forty years ago at least, and before Lord Byron was heard of. (p. 21).

Science.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITISM.

A large proportion of the higher, and many of the lower, animals display instinctive interest in anything that is new to their experience, evidently gaining satisfaction in the mere fact that they are in touch with what is unrecognized. This same trait is exhibited in man; but he, finding pleasure connected with the discovery of the unexplained, passes beyond the habit of his animal cousins and actually reaches out in search of this unexplained merely for its own sake. It is thus that we find so many people fascinated by, and actually seeking, the unknown and the mysterious. For example, we try to guess the name of a correspondent before opening the envelope, and deliberately contrive a puzzle whose answer may be had for the asking, if we choose. The showman learns that "the public likes to be fooled"; and this same inclination accounts for the success of the "magician," for the perennial enjoyment of ghost stories, and for such recurrent interest in "spiritism" as is indicated by the flood of articles on the subject in current newspapers and magazines.

The collecting of wonderful tales by the Society for Psychical Research in England, and by similar associations in France, Italy, and elsewhere, seems likely to continue indefinitely; for the process is not in the least affected by occasional revelations, by such men as Hodgson, Abbott*, and Evans†, of fraud where none had been expected, nor by largely successful attempts like Podmore's‡ to explain a great variety of the phenomena in terms of natural science. As noted above, the majority of those interested in these phenomena are quite satisfied to allow them to remain mysterious; elucidation would indeed take away a source of delight, and such robbery is resented. There are other persons, however, of more serious temperament, who honestly believe that in these phenomena we are dealing with highly significant discoveries, and who protest against all attempts to "naturalize" them. Such believers are wont to attack the scientific man and the psychologist and philosopher who neglect the subject; and the larger mystery-loving public, although ignorant of the nature of science, psychology, or philosophy, joins with these believers in berating the devotees of learning as wilfully ignorant of, and prejudiced against, what is really of great importance to the advance of knowledge.

It is to be acknowledged frankly that few trained men are willing to devote much time to these so-called mysteries; but this is not because of ignorance or prejudice; rather is it because scientists, for reasons to be referred to later, are not convinced of the importance of these phenomena, and because such knowledge of them as every man can acquire shows that the most distinctive of these happenings are of a kind with which scientific training does not accustom one to deal. The scientist in his work aims so to control conditions as to eliminate all possible causes but one; and such elimination, as Podmore well says, is impossible, in relation to the phenomena here considered; impossible also is implicit reliance upon the accuracy of the records. This latter point is of great moment. In the investigations of the scientist lack of candor never enters as an element to be reckoned with; but in the field of spiritism which the scientist and philosopher are urged to explore, thoroughgoing fraud is admittedly frequent; attempts at deception in collateral matters are common even where no fraud can be detected in regard to the subject itself; and all sorts of obstructions are regularly placed in the way of clear observation. The scientifically trained man gains what may almost be called an instinctive ability to discern at a glance the type of investigation which is likely to yield results valuable to his work; and finding numberless grave problems which call for all his time strength, he all but automatically saves himself by avoiding the irrelevant. He cannot be blamed for refusing to bother with phenomena which have so frequently been fraudulent, when innumerable other questions demanding research are free from this disadvantage, and are far more interesting. No one will deny that certain facts relating to mediums (or "psychics," as they now ask us to call them), to "thought transference," etc., have not been explained in terms of the conceptions of physical and mental science; but within our own generation many facts looked upon by spiritualists of an earlier day as evidence of supernatural control (*e. g.*, automatic writing) have been accounted for in terms of known laws the operation of which had often been obscured by clever tricks. One is therefore warranted in believing that for most of those phenomena of the same general nature which still remain unsolved similar explanations will be forthcoming.

Such is the attitude of the trained student. There remain the questions how far the scientist, and the philosopher, or psychologist, are really concerned with these matters, and whether the subject is as important as many people imagine.

As for the student of natural science it seems clear that if "thought transference" can occur without physical intermediation, then the phenomenon can have no significance to the naturalist; and if it had, he himself would probably long since have discovered the potency involved, through the vitiation of certain of his calculated results. Many of his experiments are based upon the record, made by one of two co-workers, of resultants of actions by the other who is keenly aware of what is hoped for. The scientist does not find it necessary to take precautions to prevent knowledge of the thought of one of the co-workers being gained by the other; yet were this hypothetical thought transference possible, such precautions would be essential to the perfection of his experiment. An astronomer who has calculated the moment of occurrence of the occultation of a certain star and who is eager to see his calculation verified, need not hesitate to be in the presence of his assistant, who observes, and signals, the actual occultation. Similar considerations lead to a like conclusion in regard to the unimportance of "clairvoyance."

If, on the other hand, "telepathy" means communication between individuals by physical means which are at present unrecognized, then the telepathic theory is a matter with which the physicist may properly concern himself; but even so, he may well hold that he is not called upon to surrender his precious hours to such happenings, for instance, as those set forth in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research; for he is confident that, if such unrecognized physical activities occur, or such undetected physical forces exist, he is more likely to discover them by an extension of his knowledge with instruments of precision in directions familiar to him, than by deserting the task for which he is trained in favor of another for which he is not fitted.

The theory of spiritism pure and sim-

Behind the Scenes with the Mediums and *The History of a Strange Case*. By David P. Abbott. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

†*The Old and the New Magic*. By Henry Ridgely Evans. Open Court Publishing Company.

‡*The Naturalization of the Supernatural*. By Frank Podmore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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ple the naturalist may of course refer without hesitation to the philosopher and psychologist; but certain of its modifications, which are mere forms of an emasculated materialism, assume, as belonging in a sense to the mediums, "certain astral bodies" and "pseudopodia" which embody "ectenic forces"; and these, if they exist, involve the modification of certain postulates dear to the physicist and therefore seem to call for investigation by him. He, however, is warranted in holding that the hypothetical mysterious forces are likely to be but transformations of forces already well recognized; for were they different he is confident that their influence would be felt in some easily recognizable modification of well-known physical stimuli in the presence of the mediums, as is not proved to be the case. He observes also that the "psychics" through whose mediation these hypothetical "ectenic forces" are displayed employ practically the same materials and modes of procedure (e. g., the "levitation" of tables) which are commonly used in a fraudulent manner. If the physicist takes time to consider the experiments with the now famous Eusapia Paladino in Italy, he acknowledges that certain of them cannot be explained as they now stand; but just because she has devised some modifications of her former methods, he cannot think it his duty to attend to the antics of a woman whom so expert a magician as Richard Hodgson once examined and declared to be a thorough fraud. Of the investigations made since Hodgson's death Podmore well says:

> It cannot be said that these recent researches have done much to strengthen the case for Eusapia's genuineness. The phenomena are still of the same indeterminate kind; they take place still under the same dubious conditions, and for their substantiation we still have to trust to the accurate observation of the witnesses, working under conditions not of their own choosing.

If these "ectenic forces" did exist as distinct from all forces now recognized by the physicist, and if they were effective upon matter, the physicist feels sure that he would have discovered them under normal conditions where no fraud could be suspected.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to justify the common attitude of those engaged in the study of natural science, and we pass on to the philosopher and psychologist. The psychologist notes that if the hypotheses of telepathic or other thought transference, and of clairvoyance are correct, the evidence would be even more likely to appear in the disturbance of his own experiments than in those of the naturalist above referred to, and of such disturbance he finds no proof. He notes that the possibility of illusions of memory, to be discussed below, is persistently overlooked.

He notes also that in studies of thought transference and clairvoyance attention is seldom paid to the sources of the thoughts in the minds of the medium and of the inquirer; that no attempt is made to determine what aroused the given thought in the inquirer's mind, which indeed is a fundamental point. For the investigation of the elusive sub-attentive consciousness ("subconscious mind"), which the psychologist holds to be of the same nature as the systematized attentive consciousness, convinces him that in all probability physical stimulations which are often unrecognized but which affect both medium and inquirer, may account for the appearance of the same or similar thoughts at the same time in the attentive consciousness of each. Walking with a friend, deep in the discussion of a difficult problem, the attention of the writer was attracted to a man who passed, and the thought, "How much he resembles Larned," appeared in mind for an instant, to disappear at once as the current of discussion again occupied his attention. The argument being ended, my friend presently remarked, "What has become of Larned? I wonder why I happened to think of him." My friend's sub-attentive consciousness had been affected as my own attentive consciousness had been. If, however, at the time of the meeting, I had been as deep in thought as my friend, I should have been as ignorant as he, and I might well have replied, "Why, I too have just been thinking of Larned; the believers in telepathy would take this to be a piece of favorable evidence."

On the whole, the psychologist, like the student of natural science, is likely to become convinced that if these powers exist, they are not likely to throw light on the serious problems as to the nature of consciousness which appeal to him for solution, and that therefore he is not justified in spending his time in attempts to verify these hypotheses.

As to "discarnate" spirits, the psychologist notes that "poltergeist" phenomena, "spirit-rappings," and appearances of "levitation," so far as they seem to indicate a so-called "ectenic force," do not concern him unless he deserts his field for that of the physicist; but he calls the attention of the latter to the wide variety of illusions of perception which have become familiar to him in his psycho-physical laboratory experiments, and suggests that the existence of illusions of this type is not given sufficient weight in the usual judgments from experiments in relation to these hypothetical spirit manifestations. "Ghosts" and "voices" are nowadays so generally accounted for as types of visual and auditory hallucinations that he feels warranted in disregarding them as evidences of spiritism; and this leaves for his consideration the "messages" supposed to come through mediums, through "premonitions" in dreams, and otherwise. He observes the astonishment, the emotional excitement, and the expectant attitude of those who tell of the receipt of these "messages"—the very conditions in which human judgment is generally admitted to be untrustworthy. He furthermore sees, what is usually overlooked, that these "messages" are strongly characteristic of the mental natures of the medium and of the recipient, not of the dead who are supposed to be laboring under "suffocating conditions," to present proof of their individuality. Under such circumstances the psychologist is inclined to believe that the fuller knowledge of the nature of the consciousness of living human beings, which he is striving to gain, will in the end explain these unusual phenomena.

He also points to the sub-attentive consciousness, which appears to be systematized like the attentive consciousness; and he suggests that this fact, which explains "unconscious cerebration" so mysterious to our fathers, is likely to be at the bottom of many of the occurrences which, to the excited recipient of the "messages," are so startling.

Nor is the psychologist satisfied that sufficient heed is paid to the common occurrence of coincidences in everyday life; nor that the defenders of the spiritistic or telepathic hypotheses, can rely certainly upon our imperfect calculation of probabilities. But especially he emphasizes the exceeding frequency of illusions of memory, the relation of which to all the phenomena here discussed is so persistently overlooked. The average honest man will assert under oath that he remembers circumstances and situations which can be proved never to have existed, and acts which can be shown never to have occurred. Mr. Podmore, in referring to the alleged messages from the dead, well says (p. 50):

> In any case, with the lapse of time the picture preserved in the memory is liable to be unconsciously brought more and more into conformity with the narrator's conception of what ought to have happened. One by one irrelevant details drop out and confirmatory touches are added to heighten the tints. As the years pass any interval which may have existed between the vision and the death tends to disappear, and the two events coalesce, like a binary star, into one. . . . No process is more difficult to detect and guard against, because it is, for the most part, instinctive, and involves no conscious departure from good faith. The ability to tell the exact truth can only, as a rule, be acquired by a severe process of mental discipline.

Such discipline, we may add, the psychic research investigators are seldom willing to undergo.

When we turn to the significance of these phenomena in the eyes of one who takes what we may broadly call the philosophical view, we note, with Prof.

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F. J. E. Woodbridge, that if we consider the matter historically, "spirits" have very seldom if ever really been looked upon as actually "discarnate"; and we are led to ask what real meaning the phrase "discarnate" spirit can have to men whose whole experience of individuals is confined to their direct or indirect relation with natural objects. We can, to be sure, think of a disembodied spirit, but we can do so only by such an effort of the imagination as that which affords us the notions of the unicorn or of the centaur. The philosopher acknowledges, with Fechner and other masters before and after him, that there may be forms of consciousness far different from those to which we are accustomed; but he finds himself unable to look upon these hypothetical consciousnesses as "discarnate"; rather he must think of them as parts of what is ordinarily, in the language of Prof. Josiah Royce, an "uncommunicative nature"—so differently embodied, and so differently conscious, that "we men cannot adjust ourselves to a live appreciation of their inward fluency." Such conceptions, however, are in a realm altogether apart from that considered by the modern spiritist, and have little relation to his thought.

It is thus that the student of natural science, of psychology, and of philosophy, while wholly willing to accept any well accredited facts which reveal the nature of the universe, and while maintaining a thoroughly open and unprejudiced mind, refuses to allot much of his time and energy to the phenomena discussed by the spiritist and by the devotees of so-called "occult science."

H. R. M.

A volume of occasional addresses by Dr. W. Osler of Oxford is soon to be published by Henry Frowde, under the title of "An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays." The greater part of the book deals with the life of physicians in the United States. There are also chapters on Sir Thomas Browne, Harvey and his discovery, John Locke as a physician, Keats the apothecary poet, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A volume which adds distinctly to our knowledge of embryology is "The Work of John Samuel Budgett," a collection of his zoölogical papers, with a biographical sketch by A. E. Shipley, and contributions by Richard Assheton, Edward J. Bles, E. T. Browne, J. H. Budgett, and J. Graham Kerr (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Budgett was a martyr to science. He made three unsuccessful trips into the heart of Africa in his untiring search for the eggs of polypterus, and at last discovered them and watched the development of this most interesting animal. But shortly after he had completed a series of drawings of the external changes in the development of the eggs he was seized with a fatal attack of malaria and fever. The eggs and embryos secured under these circumstances have been carefully studied by Professor Kerr, and the results are presented in this volume. Certain of the conclusions are of unusual interest; for example:

The general phenomena of development in polypterus show frequent striking resemblances with what occur in dipnoans and in the lower amphibia. I believe these resemblances are sufficient by themselves to indicate the probability that the teleostomes, the dipnoans, and the amphibians have arisen in phylogeny from a common stem, which would in turn probably have diverged from the ancestral selachian stock.

The breeding habits of the primitive bony-fish Gymnarchus niloticus were first discovered by Mr. Budgett, and many of the eggs, looking like "amber beads," were secured. These have been given to Dr. Assheton, who has furnished a second memoir of equal interest with that by Professor Kerr.

Dr. Armaingaud has presented to the Académie de Médecine of Paris a critical examination of recent statistics, showing the decrease in mortality from pulmonary tuberculosis in great cities during the last twenty years. He accepts a decrease of 21 per cent. for Paris; 23 for London; 35, Berlin; 41, New York; 45, Vienna. While the decrease in Paris is comparatively too small, it does show an improvement in general hygiene and a beginning of efficiency in the direct struggle with tuberculosis. After removing such causes of error as change in disease nomenclature and reception of non-Parisian cases in Paris hospitals, Dr. Armaingaud shows that mortality from tuberculosis in general has diminished twice as fast among children under four years of age as among the rest of the population. Extra-pulmonary, particularly visceral, tuberculosis has increased slightly among adults.

Dr. Jean-Baptiste-Étienne-Auguste Charcot, leader of the French expedition to the Antarctic regions, expects to reach the ice, about five hundred miles south of Cape Horn, about December 15, and he plans to be absent two years. One of his objects is to bring back samples of the fossils to which Dr. Nordenskjöld has directed attention. He intends to transport them to one of the open ports of the Antarctic continent, either Port Lockroy or Port Charcot, and then to go on to Loubet Land to begin his exploration of the regions to the south. Dr. Charcot's staff includes M. Bougrain, who will make the astronomical observations; M. Rouch, specialist in meteorology and oceanography; M. Godefroy, who will study the hydrography of the coast and the tides; M. Gourdon, geologist, and Dr. Jacques Liouville, marine zoölogist and botanist. The commander himself is a good bacteriologist. Dr. Charcot's ship, the Pourquoi Pas, has a tonnage of 800.

On October 15 the University of Bern will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the physiologist, botanist, and poet, Albrecht von Haller. Prof. Theodor Steck will deliver an address on the personal characterstics of Haller, Prof. Hugo Kronecker will discuss Haller's method of working, and Prof. Eduard Fischer will treat of Haller's relations with the scientific men of his time, and especially of his relations with Linnæus. On October 16 a monument to Haller's memory will be unveiled on the ground facing the new university buildings. Haller was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and Prof. Arthur Gamgee will present, in the name of that society, a Latin address to the University of Bern.

Drama.

That Victor Hugo originated a style, or type, of dramatic character, no one would dream of disputing. His Didier, Hernani, and Ruy Blas are his own. And an attempt to analyze and determine this dramatic type—as compared, for instance, with Corneille's or Racine's—is no doubt worth while. To student and critic alike, and even perhaps to general reader, Hugo's methods of dramatic conception and execution must be of interest. But aside from this, it is difficult to believe in the reality of Hugo's personages apart from the action which animates them. They are essentially convention; and Prof. James D. Bruner's "Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters" (Ginn & Co.) hardly persuades us otherwise. In any case, it is always a *procédé*, a conception which the critic has to study—not a genuine human being. And the pretension to take such creatures seriously at the author's exact evaluation, to treat them like independent entities apart from the medium in which alone they live, to anatomize them like the subjects of actual experience—this seems to us to be the negation of criticism. The sort of writing this study does, as a matter of fact, produce, may be seen by a brief quotation from Professor Bruner's dissection of Ruy Gomez, who, he tells us, is a "complex individual man, having contradictory qualities. He is represented in the drama as a man of varied experience and of numerous characteristics. He is proud, bombastic, loquacious, inquisitive, impulsive, melancholy, jealous, revengeful, inexorable, avid of fame, loverlike, sympathetic, courteous, loyal, given to hospitality, and possessed of a high sense of honor. We are also informed as to his age, physical qualities, political position, and social standing. He is more than sixty years old, and has not enough hair on his head to fill the hand of the executioner." But, enough. This kind of thing is neither criticism nor scholarship; it is merely a watery prose solution of the drama itself. It can have no pretensions, either as an objective study of Hugo's dramatic work, its strength and weakness, or as a divination of the spirit of that drama.

The centenary (birth) edition of the complete works of Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly is a sign of the veering of fame back to this author. His personal influence over young writers was great during his lifetime, but he has been scarcely more than a legendary plumed knight of authorship for the quarter of a century since his death. A similar phenomenon in literary renown occurred with Stendhal, and for like reasons. These two writers thought ahead of their times. Barbey d'Aurevilly is now just in time for the two-fold reaction away from the bald, prosaic radicalism which triumphed in literature and politics at the close of the nineteenth century. This first volume of his works, with a preface by Lucien Descaves, begins the first series of Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Théâtre contemporain" — truly trenchant criticisms of the Paris stage

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from 1866 to 1868, stormy years of the Empire's dissolution. Such independent thought on contemporary life has long been exercised in the weekly theatrical *feuilleton* of serious Paris journals by the greatest writers of France. In spite of a certain pose and dash as of a bravo of literature, Barbey d'Aurevilly had a mind highly trained to look before and after, essentially lofty emotions, and a metallic thrust and parry of direct style which is like the rapier's ringing on chain armor. The more general reader can make acquaintance with these qualities in a compendious volume, just issued by the "young men" of the *Mercure de France*—"L'Esprit de Barbey d'Aurevilly"—thoughts, traits, and portraits, and critical judgments selected from his works.

If Hubert Henry Davies's play, "The Mollusc," now running in the Garrick Theatre, does not attain to the full measure of popular success which it secured in London, the responsibility for any comparative failure will rest upon the management, which has made an unfortunate distribution of parts. It is not a piece of deeply thrilling interest, or great dramatic significance, but it is one of those rare things—a genuine comedy of contemporaneous life, in which the dramatic complication and its solution grow naturally out of the inter-action of character upon circumstance. Without being especially brilliant, it is a thoroughly veracious and artistic little work, written with humor, observation, and insight, and singularly free from the conventional methods and trickery of the theatre. Only four personages are introduced in the story, which is unfolded in a single scene. The mollusc is Mrs. Baxter, a charming, but indolent, selfish, and whimsical young woman, who has been converted into an inexorable domestic tyrant by the weak indulgence of her husband, who is the slave of her imaginary ailments. The poor man can neither speak nor act without conjugal instruction, but is happy in his servitude, partly because he finds a congenial companion in a pretty governess. Mrs. Baxter, by her tenacious insistence upon universal compliance with her wishes, has practically extinguished opposition, when her brother, Tom Kemp, fresh from the backwoods of Canada, arrives on a visit, and resolves to bring her to her senses. At first her amiable but resolute resistance defeats his most adroit plans, and almost ruins his chance of winning the governess, with whom he has fallen in love. But finally he succeeds in rousing her from her apathy by an appeal to her jealousy. It is a wholesome and lifelike sketch, but in stage representation it requires a degree of histrionic skill commensurate with its own finish and delicacy. This it does not receive, unfortunately, at the Garrick, at the hands of the male performers, who lack both polish and perception. The ladies, Miss Carlisle and Miss Forbes Robertson, are much more competent.

Cicely Hamilton's "Diana of Dobson's," which under the management of Lena Ashwell was very successful in London, was received with only moderate favor in the Savoy Theatre on Saturday evening. It is cleverly written in parts, shows some originality in invention, and is not devoid of intelligent motive, but as a play is of inconsiderable value, being puerile in construction and conventional in design. The story is of a shop-girl who, having inherited an unexpected legacy of $1,500, resolves to have one luxurious revel. In European hotels she enjoys a brief social triumph and, being taken for an heiress, secures an offer of marriage from an aristocratic wastrel whose income of $3,000 a year can no longer support his extravagances. She reveals the truth to him, and the wooing ends in a lively scene in which she tells her lover that he is utterly incapable of making his own living, while she can support herself by honest work. The captain is so piqued that he vows to exist upon the labor of his head and hands for the next six months, and the upshot of it all is that, in less than half that period, he and she, both reduced to the last stages of destitution, meet by chance at midnight upon the Thames Embankment. His resolution melts before the sight of her distress, and, after explanations, they agree to get married and live quietly and comfortably upon his despised income. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the glaring improbabilities of such a tale; but the plot is the weakest part of the play, which contains several vigorous passages directing attention to the hardships endured by some of the young women employed in great dry goods "emporiums," smart satire on social distinctions, and pointed ridicule of the so-called education of the higher classes. The dialogue, here and there, is exceedingly effective. Doubtless the London representation was superior to that at the Savoy, where Miss Carlotta Nillson gives a monotonous and commonplace interpretation of the part of the heroine, which is capable of a much more dashing, varied, and passionate embodiment.

No elaborate consideration is needed for "Glorious Betsy," Miss Rida Johnson Young's "new American play," which Miss Mary Mannering presented, for the first time in this city, in the Lyric Theatre, Monday afternoon. The fact that she used it successfully in different parts of the country all last season is a sufficient proof that it has characteristics of a popular nature, but of serious literary or dramatic merit it is practically destitute. It is a pleasant enough entertainment, in its simple way, for the unsophisticated crowd, and has a sympathetic part for the star, but as a quasi-historical piece, dealing with the men and manners of a given period, it is utterly insignificant. The theme is the romance of the famous beauty Elizabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte, but no attempt at accuracy is made even in the leading details. Miss Mannering is exhibited as an alluring little minx, with John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and other suitors at her pretty feet; as a scorned beauty; a spoiled child; a happy affianced bride; a lovely model of heroic and unselfish devotion, and a vision of rapturous felicity, conditions which she illustrates with unfailing personal charm. The French characters concerned are totally ignorant of their own language. Napoleon, judging by his accent, is of Hibernian descent.

At the Lyceum Theatre in this city during the coming season a course of lectures will be given to show the value of the drama as a potential educative force. Among the subjects are: "The Activity of the Dramatic Instinct During Pre-Adolescence and Adolescence," "The Development of the Humanities in the Greek Drama," "The Shakespearean Drama and the Modern Poetic Drama," and "The History of the Theatre in its Relation to Education." Among the lecturers will be President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard, Percy Mackaye, Franklin Sargent, and Dr. James J. Walsh of Fordham University. The course will be under the auspices of the Educational Theatre for Children and Young People.

"Samson Agonistes" is to be revived next December in London in connection with the Milton tercentenary. This play was, apparently, acted for the first time in April, 1900, when it was produced for the Elizabethan Stage Society in the Lecture Theatre of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The performance was under the direction of William Poel, who will again be responsible for the stage management. Representations of the tragedy will also be given in Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool, and Manchester.

Miss Lena Ashwell will begin her autumn season at the Kingsway Theatre, London, on October 9, with a new play by W. T. Coleby, the title of which is still undecided.

Music.

GERMANY'S MUSICAL PROLETARIAT.

Charles Booth asserts in his book, "The Life and Labor of the People of London," that the organ-grinders who perambulate the streets of that city earn from eighty cents to $5 a day. Germany gives less encouragement to that kind of musician; her musical proletariat is the orchestra player. His average income is about that of the English eighty-cent-a-day organ-grinder, while $5 a day is a goal to which he cannot aspire. The two leading men in the Royal Orchestra of Berlin get about $1,250 a year, but this is far above the usual salaries. The highest pay for any member of the opera orchestra in Vienna is 3,600 crowns ($720) a year, or less than $2 a day. The players in the orchestra of the Hamburg Stadttheater get only $350 a year, and in smaller cities like Nuremberg, Würzburg, Rostock, although the musicians have to be sufficiently expert to play Wagner and Richard Strauss, the pay is from $20 to $25 a month. A libel suit by the conductor, Schneevoigt, against five members of the Kaim Orchestra, recently tried in Munich, has given the newspapers occasion for dwelling on the deplorable situation of the orchestral player. Members of this, one of the most famous orchestras in the country, get $31 a month, and at the same time they are so steadily engaged either in Munich or on the road that they cannot earn an extra penny by teaching. Conditions of their contract regarding illness, etc., were pronounced positively "inhuman." The sea-

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son for most orchestral players—there are about 50,000 of them in Germany—is nine months; and as it is quite impossible for them to save a penny during this time, they have to scramble for a place in a hotel or summer resort band. If they are so lucky as to find one in a famous resort, like Kissingen or Homburg, they may earn from $27.50 to $40 a month; but in a less favored place they are lucky if they get $25 a month.

It is acknowledged that a crisis has been reached, and that something must be done at once. Two books have appeared on the subject: "Die sociale Lage der deutschen Orchestermusiker," by Paul Marsop, and "Die Lage der Orchestermusiker in Deutschland," by Heinrich Waltz. The matter was also discussed recently at a meeting of the Musikpaedagogische Kongress in Berlin. It is a vital question for German art. While the Vaterland has contributed a fair share of the world's best singers, pianists, and violinists, her chief glory has been the production and the model performance of orchestral works—the overtures, symphonies, and symphonic poems of her great masters. Herein no other country has even remotely approached Germany. But can she hold this record much longer if she refuses to pay the players living wages? On this point Paul Busching says:

> The majority of German orchestral players belong to-day to the proletariat. Many an instrumental player is, so far as the amount and the certainty of his income are concerned, no better off than a dock laborer on the Hamburg quays, or a day laborer in the building trade.

If he is starved out altogether, what is to become of Germany's orchestral glories?

The situation is peculiarly difficult to deal with. Twenty years ago eminent conductors, like Richter, Mottl, and Levi, earned little more than an orchestral leader of the violins gets to-day. Now they command $10,000 a year or more, thanks to competition. The salary of the leading singers also has been raised considerably by the same means. But for the players there lies no hope in competition. There are from fifty to a hundred or more of them in each orchestra, and it is for this reason that any increase to the individual, however slight, looks formidable and forbidding in the manager's eyes. Competition, indeed, is what is hurting the orchestral player more than anything else, and preventing him from getting the increase in pay corresponding to the rise in the price of living. There are in the German Empire 18,000 military musicians, who, with their popular programmes and gaudy uniforms, compete with the concerts that are given by the orchestral players to eke out their incomes. Nor are these the only competitors.

Paul Marsop declares that in return for the quality and quantity of their work, and in view of the general cost of living to-day, the members of the orchestras in the larger cities are entitled to fully double the salary they now get. But how is the increase to be obtained? The royal subventions are already so large that little or nothing can be hoped for in that direction. Nor is it possible to charge more for tickets of admission and seats, the prices being already a strain on the public's devotion to music. Marsop's suggestion is that retrenchment should be practised in other departments. In the first place, there is the ballet: who wants a ballet nowadays? It may be an essential feature in the performances of operas by Spontini, Meyerbeer, and other composers of their time; but nearly all of these operas have fallen into neglect, and the operas written at the present time do not include ballets. In an emergency, it is suggested that trained members of the chorus might, for extra pay, do such dancing as may seem needful. The public has certainly lost its interest in operatic ballet-dancing, and would not protest if it were abolished altogether.

It is otherwise with another of the suggestions for economy made by Marsop. He inveighs against the lavish expenditures on scenery now customary, and sees there great opportunities for saving in behalf of the starved players. It may be true that some operas that have practically no scenery are popular, but operas of the spectacular school, and Wagner's, too, certainly draw better if they are sumptuously presented, and economy in this line would therefore defeat its object. The musicians will probably have to place their hope chiefly in the municipal governments and the generosity of wealthy individuals. On the latter, Marsop does not count much; to his knowledge there have been so far in Germany only three important gifts to orchestras, which he contrasts sadly with the munificence displayed in America and England. But that the rulers of German cities will eventually municipalize orchestras, giving players the rank of officials, and claim to a pension, Marsop is firmly convinced. A good beginning has already been made in Cologne, Düsseldorf, Aachen, Leipzig, and Freiburg.

"Musiciens d'autrefois," by Romain Rolland, seeks the origin of modern music in the "pre-opera" invented by the Renaissance and influenced in its evolution by the lyric art of Tasso. The main part of the book proceeds from the first opera in Paris—the "Orfeo" of Luigi Rossi—through Sully, Gluck, and Grétry, to Mozart, in artistic rather than formally historic order. The author is the Paris University lecturer on the history of music, whose tetralogy of musical fiction, "Jean Christophe," has all but transported music into literature.

Art.

My School and My Gospel. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Everybody has heard of Professor von Herkomer's famous art school at Bushey, at which, in the course of twenty years, a number of artists of some subsequent distinction received their education. Many people will therefore be interested to know what were the principles relied on and the methods of teaching. On the whole, these inquirers will find the present book somewhat disappointing. It is rather discursive, and it takes careful reading to make sure just what the "gospel' 'of Bushey was.

The cardinal tenet is indeed sufficiently clear—that the effort of the teacher should be bent to the development of individuality. This is the great modern doctrine to which most teachers of to-day would subscribe. The question is *how* individuality in the student is to be descried and encouraged, and on this point Sir Hubert affords us very little light. We may, perhaps, admit that he succeeded in such encouragement, yet his system seems, from his own description, as rigid, in its way, as the familiar academic system which he hated. It is full of prohibitions. For black and white work he "only permitted the use of charcoal and pencil." Apparently, he would not allow drawings without backgrounds, because the "practice of leaving out the background . . . deadens the faculty for seeing tone." He "directed the students to paint each part of the figure . . . *alla prima*" without regard to the "mass of white canvas that surrounded the part they were painting"; and he tells, at some length, of the silent suppression of a student who was audacious enough to experiment with an underpainting of monochrome. In short, it soon becomes evident that the cultivation of personality was to be within somewhat narrow limits. The aim was to make painters, in the modern sense, rather than artists. There was to be no "discipline of mind," and there was no provision for any one whose personality or temperament might lead him to a predominant love of form or to a tendency to expression by line. It is characteristic that the author's own designs for the monthly title-pages of the school paper, the *Palette*, are almost all reproduced from monotypes. Even in book decoration linear design is banished. It might seem, at first, that the ideal of an unacademic education was to find out what is done in academies, and insist upon the reverse.

Yet Sir Hubert's *alla prima* method of painting is exactly that of the schools of Paris thirty years ago, where anything but "direct painting" was un-

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known and underpaintings and glazings were regarded as almost criminal. His great demand was for "quality," meaning, we suppose, material beauty of workmanship; and he apparently places it before truth of representation, holding it to be "of great importance when those two factors [tonality and values] come without apparent effort, or as a result of a search in the direction of quality." But this quality is to be attained only by the use of solid pigment laid directly on the canvas, without any knowledge of the different properties of opaque and transparent color or of the infinite variety of surface and texture to be secured by the old traditional methods of painting. For "no second touch in oil color ever equals the first on the white canvas for purity."

But there are even more significant omissions in Herkomer's scheme of artistic education: there seems to have been no provision for training either the invention or the memory. Of course, one cannot teach invention, and it is even doubtful if one can effectively explain to the student the principles of composition—one can only point out faults, not create merits. But this is true of most teaching in art; and one can assuredly encourage the student to attempt original composition—one can even require him to do so. As for the training of the memory, it is perfectly possible, and the greatest fault of modern artistic education is the general lack of this training. In the Bushey school, as in most others, the student was expected to work always direct from the model, and there seems to have been no attempt to find out how much he had really stored up in memory by requiring him to reproduce his work with nothing before him but a sheet of blank paper. Still less was there any attempt at that work from a memory, not of the previous drawing, but of nature itself, which is the staple of Japanese education in art. One of the consequences of this lack of memory-training Sir Hubert has himself pointed out in his remarks upon the landscape painting of figure painters:

> I cannot call to mind a landscape by the hand of a figure painter that could be called monumental, or a consummation of the art of landscape painting. . . . The work of the figure painters in this domain has seldom transcended the poetic transcript of "a bit of nature."

If this statement be confined to modern painters, it is very nearly true, and one of the reasons for this state of affairs—the principal reason in our view—is that the figure painter "needs nature for every touch." The landscape painter *has* to train his memory; the figure painter, "who is accustomed to his model, and to having nature always before him, has by his habits of work become unfitted" to do so. What surprises one is that Sir Hubert has not seen that this same reliance on the model is as fatal in the higher walks of figure painting as it is in landscape; that anything truly "monumental" or possessing nobility of style is as rare in modern figure painting as it is in figure-painters' landscape. Invention is but the combination of accumulated memories and the abandonment of work from memory has paralyzed invention. Style is the modification of an immediate impression by the result of many previous impressions, and the habit of working always from nature has abolished style. Hence the relative triviality and inferiority of so much modern figure painting and the superiority of modern landscape. . . .

Gradually one gets to see the reason of the grave omissions from Herkomer's scheme of teaching; it is a kind of skepticism as to the value of any teaching whatever. Since we are bent on the cultivation of personality, and since each personality will inevitably work out its own method of expression; since technical methods are infinitely various and one is supposed to be as good as another; why teach anything? But if you must teach—for a student must start on something—let us "endeavor to make that something a form of work that he will not find difficult to shake off." Place him in front of the model and leave him, as nearly as possible, alone. Reduce your teaching to the irreducible minimum. That is, after all, the logical outcome of our modern respect for individuality, and it brings us to the fundamental question whether or not we are justified in that respect. Is modern art the better for "the extraordinary variety of types of art work . . . owing to the absence, in this age, of all conventional restraint"? Were great individualities rarer when all art-training was rigidly traditional and the young painter was taught his trade as the master practised it, being no more expected to invent a new way of laying on colors than a carpenter's apprentice was expected to find a personal method of planing a board? Is not a true personality what Sir Hubert himself calls it, an "indestructible framework"? If so, why this fear of destroying it?

> Even the tyrannical priesthood . . . did not succeed in preventing Giotto from developing his natural bent. Michael Angelo broke away from traditional art, and evolved a new one . . . the outcome of his *nature*.

Well, is there not something to be said for a training which produced Giottos and Michael Angelos? Even the much less complete academical training of France produced its Millets. Ah! but there is the "student of average talent" who is "crushed." If he is crushable, is there any great harm in crushing him? If we had more good workmen, knowing their trade thoroughly, and fewer feeble "personalities" striving frantically for self-expression in an unmastered medium, our art would be in a less chaotic and a healthier state.

No, the trouble with the modern art school is that it teaches too little, not too much. Academic or non-academic, our schools are all tarred with the same brush. They place the student before nature and let him flounder, with a minimum of guidance. The academic school does, indeed, try to teach him a little about form—the free school does not teach him even that. No one teaches him to point. No one teaches him to think, to compose, to arrange, to cast a drapery, or to draw a line. The one thing not taught in art schools is art. We give the student a little, a very little science—some notion of what nature looks like. He must trust his own raw individuality for the rest. We turn him out into the world with no conception of what is to be done or knowledge of how it has been done by others—God help him!—let him sink or swim. And if he fails to do anything better than the life-studies he has been doing in the schools, we think he has been crushed by too much training. The trouble with all of us is our lamentable lack of any true and sound education, and we shall not improve matters by doing away with what little of such education is still to be had.

"The Charm of the English Village," by P. H. Ditchfield (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is an attractive collection of descriptions and comments, illustrated by photo-engraved pen-drawings by Sydney R. Jones, of village scenes, unusually well selected for effective composition. Perhaps they are almost too effective—just a little suggestive of posing for city people and for American tourists; but doubtless the vast amount of notice accorded them must make even thatched roofs and mouldering towers a bit conscious. The effect is heightened, too, by the method of illustration, in which each white gable or bank has a black background of foliage to accentuate its form. This, and the unavoidable hardness of black lines, fall short of presenting the English village in the subtle and delicate phase which the word "charm" would imply. But the pictures do illustrate and the text successfully describes the elements—the composition—of the village, its usual features and their special interest; and, as in a treatise on botany, the proper attention to detail excuses the lack of deeper sentiment. The volume also is full of suggestions as to the grouping of rural buildings, and of reminders of available material for architecture and gardening of that sort.

The first volume of the second tome of the "Répertoire de la statuaire grecque et romaine," by Salomon Reinach, contains 416 pages—an indication of the extent of the work. Its scientific character and completeness may be gathered from the reputation of the author.

"Histoire du paysage en France" is one of those large, discursive, handsome books of art history which are so common in France. Twelve authors, with more or less

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claim to specialties, have had a hand in its making; and Henry Marcel, administrator-general of the Bibliothèque Nationale, contributes a preface. The volume has 324 pages, with 24 inset plates.

The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has received as a gift from Mrs. Robert K. Nuttall a collection of old lace which will, according to the statement of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the director, make the Metropolitan's collection the finest in the world. The museum has purchased one of the four pedestals of the famous Peacock Throne of Delhi—marble beautifully inlaid with malachite and agate.

The National Gallery at London has recently purchased for £25,000 from Lord Talbot de Malahide a Portrait Group by Frans Hals. The picture, which is described in the *Athenæum* as "highly important," is 4 ft. 11 in. by 8 ft. 4½ in. It has never been exhibited, and till recently it seems to have been unknown. There are some ten figures, all done with a skill which, it is said, "belongs to the period of Hals's full maturity, and is probably unmatched outside Haarlem."

Arthur Evans has contributed to the London *Times* an account of the excavations in Crete during the spring and summer. At Knossos the work has been chiefly an exploration of what he calls the "Little Palace" (with a frontage of 114 feet), connected by a paved road, "the oldest road in Europe," with the palace proper. The date of this building he fixes in the late Minoan age, say, 1700 B. C. The discoveries include a number of painted vases and ritual vessels in black steatite—notably one modelled in the form of a bull's head, inlaid with shell and with rock-crystal eyes. There are also fragments of crystal bowls and boxes, a gold-mounted lapis lazuli intaglio, part of a placque, with a griffin seizing a bull, modelled in relief, silver bowls, and jugs, sacred axes, ewers, basins, and a bronze saw—all of which Dr. Evans describes as "an epitome of the whole later civilization of the Minoan lords." In the south-western extension, opened last year, a stone of "early Minoan" pottery has been dug up. On Mochlos, according to Dr. Evans, an American explorer, Dr. Seager, has found in some tombs a number of works in gold and stone, including a fine bowl of Egyptian workmanship, closely resembling a bowl discovered in the tomb of King Sneferu.

The plan of forming a "monumental zone" in Rome before 1911, the jubilee of the Unification of Italy, is being pushed forward with great energy. According to this project, a large pleasure-ground extending from the Forum and the Palatine to the Porta S. Sebastiano, on the one side, and to the Porta S. Paolo and Circus Maximus on the other, will enclose all the ancient buildings on the site; and all modern buildings in the district will be expropriated and pulled down. The committee which has been appointed to carry out this plan has decided to begin by laying out an avenue 100 metres wide, which will lead from the Church of S. Nereo and Achille to the Palatine, and thence past the Colosseum to the Strada in Miranda. Three smaller avenues, each 50 metres wide, will lead from the main avenue to the three gates, Porta Latina, Porta Metronia, and Porta San Sebastiano. Apart from the improvement which these pleasure grounds will effect in this important part of old Rome, it is hoped that interesting discoveries will be made.

The death is announced of Hugh Hutton Stannus, architect and writer. He was born, in 1840, at Sheffield, Eng., where he began practice as a decorator. He next lectured on architecture and applied art at South Kensington Museum. His principal publication is an elaborate study of "Alfred Stevens and His Work."

Finance.

ADJUSTING RAILWAY EXPENDITURE TO EARNINGS.

The business reaction, now in progress for nearly a year, has had a somewhat unequal effect on various industries. The volume of iron production, as every one knows, has been barely one-half that of a year ago. The United States Steel Corporation's report for the second quarter of 1908 showed shrinkage of 55 per cent. in net earnings. In other lines the falling off in sales appears to have ranged from 25 to 50 per cent. A typical dry-goods enterprise, the Associated Merchants' Company, capitalized at $20,000,000, and owning and operating half a dozen large and long-established department stores in New York, Baltimore, and Buffalo, reported last week, for the six months ending August 1, net earnings smaller by not quite 25 per cent than in the same period last year, and this was generally regarded, in the mercantile trade, as a better showing than other houses could make. In fact, the statement of the H. B. Claflin Company of New York for the first half of the year actually showed receipts to have been $7,000 less than expenses, where the result for the first half of 1907 had been $454,000 surplus profits. In another important trade, metal-refining, the American Smelting Company last week confessed to a decrease of 33 per cent. in net earnings for the fiscal year ending April 30.

It is the railways, however, whose losses have for various reasons been more conspicuous. The most complete compilation of gross receipts of American companies indicates a shrinkage from 1907 of 12½ per cent. in January, 11¾ in February, 13⅜ in March, 18⅞ in April, 22⅝ in May, 17½ in June, and 17⅛ in July—the total falling-off, for the seven-months' period, being no less than $172,000,000. The reasons why more was made of the railways' case than of that of other enterprises were, first, that shares of these companies are more generally lodged in the private investor's hands; second, that the collapse in earnings came at the moment when an enormous increase in debt and charges had been, and was still being, incurred. Some railways confessed insolvency; a few, like the Erie, were saved by advances of capital by the "inside interests." All indulged in a season of futile talk about a general advance in transportation rates for the traffic that was left, and all set to work on the most drastic policy of economy. It was some months before these savings in routine expenditure began to affect the monthly net results—largely because the covert threat of President Roosevelt had blocked the natural expedient of lowering wages. Up to June, the percentage of shrinkage in net earnings was larger than in the gross; the ratio of loss being 30 per cent. in January and 25 per cent. as lately as May, while the net results for the whole first half of the year ran $63,500,000, or nearly 25 per cent. below the same period last year. In June, however, the new economies began to show in figures. As against the 17½ per cent. decrease in June gross earnings, the net declined only 9⅜ per cent. Operating expenses had been cut down 21 per cent.

The July statements, now coming to hand, bear still more noteworthy evidence that expenditure is under control. With a loss of $3,318,000 in gross compared with July of 1907, the Pennsylvania, for instance, reports decrease of only $817,000 in net. The Southern Railway converts a decrease of $642,000 gross into an increase of $413,000 net. It will naturally be asked how this extraordinary reduction in operating expenses was effected. Increased operating efficiency has accomplished something, but the larger saving has been through reduction of maintenance expenditures. The classified statements to the Interstate Commerce Commission show this. Out of the Pennsylvania's cut of $2,500,000 in July operating expenses, compared with 1907, $1,600,000 was saved in maintenance of way and equipment, against $1,475,000 saved in transportation expenses. This is fairly typical; it explains how, in July, operating expenses on the Southern absorbed only 71.3 per cent. of gross earnings, compared with 83.6 last year; on the Atchison 62.3 per cent., against 67 per cent. last

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year; on the Baltimore and Ohio, 64.6 per cent., against 69.6.

The answer to the question how long this policy of keeping down maintenance appropriations can continue without serious injury to roadbed and equipment depends on the condition of the plant at the time retrenchments began. A rock-ballasted bed with heavy rails, such as the Pennsylvania's, could easily stand a year of the strictest economies. Other roadbeds, after twelve months of such treatment, would be fairly knocked to pieces. For all of them, the time cannot be far distant when continuance of sharp retrenchment would interfere with the proper running of the railway.

Will business remain slack long enough for this? Railway men have been generally inclined to predict that the "corner was turned" during July. How quickly recovery will come, if it come with the autumn trade, and how soon the lost ground will be retraced, are matters for conjecture. In the panic period of 1893, the heavy drop in railway earnings began in July, and the steady series of decreases was not interrupted until January, 1895. Following the financial depression of 1903, earnings began to show shrinkage in October. There were months of small gains in both gross and net, but the general trend was downward until September, 1904. From that time on, the increase was rapid; before the middle of 1906, the income of transportation lines was running beyond the early figures of 1903.

"Portraits de financiers," by André Liesse, is made up of studies of the decisive action of certain men in France in the great events in which they had a part—of their mind, character, ideas, and opinions, and how they came by them. Ouvrard, Mollien, Gandin, Baron Louis, Corvetto, Laffitte, and Villèle—the men who shaped French life by directing the finances of France from the end of the Directory to King Louis Philippe—are the subjects of these portraits. And they are object-lessons to other not more rapidly changing nations which may be inclined to believe that financiers, like poets, are born and not made by experience. It should be added that the author is a professor of the École des Sciences Politiques, a well-known writer on financial history, and an esteemed disciple of Léon Say.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baerlein, Henry. The Diwan of Abri'L-Ala. E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cts. net.

Benson, Ramsey. A Lord of Lands. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Bliss, Edwin Munsell. The Missionary Enterprise. A Concise History of Its Objects, Methods, and Extensions. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

Bradford, Charles. The Angler's Guide. A Handbook of the Haunts and Habits of the Popular Game Fishes. Nassau Press.

Brown, Charles Reynolds. The Strange Ways of God. A Study in the Book of Job. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cts. net.

Burnham, Clara Louise. The Leaven of Love. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Cartwright, Thos. Sigurd the Dragon-Slayer.—The Old Myths of Greece and Rome.—One for Wod and One for Lok.—The Seven Champions of Christendom. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. each.

Colby, Charles W. Canadian Types of the Old Régime. 1608-1698. Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

Collins, Jos. V. Practical Elementary Algebra. American Book Co. $1.00.

Coolidge, Archibald Cary. The United States as a World Power. Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Cotes, Mrs. Everard. Cousin Cinderella. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Crockett, S. R. Red Cap Adventures. Macmillan Co.

Egerton, Hakluyt. Liberal Theology and The Ground of Faith. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Gardens of England. Painted by Beatrice Parsons. Described by E. T. Cook. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Green, Alice Stopford. The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing. 1200-1600. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Hasse Adelaide R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States. Massachusetts, 1789-1904. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Holland, Rupert Sargent. Builders of United Italy. Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

Iqbal, Shaikh Muhammad. The Development of Metaphysics in Persia: A Contribution to the History of Muslim Philosophy. London: Luzac & Co.

Johnston, R. F. From Peking to Mandalay. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Kuhns, Oscar. The Sense of the Infinite. A Study of the Transcendental Element in Literature, Life, and Religion. Henry Holt & Co.

Miller, Rev. Joseph. Sermons, Doctrinal, Philosophical, Critical, and Educational. London: Rivingtons.

Neuman, B. Paul. Dominy's Dollars. London: John Murray.

Newsholme, Arthur. The Prevention of Tuberculosis. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

Oesterley, W. O. E. The Evolution of the Messianic Idea. A Study in Comparative Religion. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Palmer, Frederick. The Big Fellow. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.

Patterson, Joseph Medill. A Little Brother of the Rich. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.

Pattison, Mark. Essays 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. each.

Peabody, Josephine Preston. The Book of the Little Past. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Pfeiffer, Edward. Mission Studies. Outlines of Missionary Principles and Practice. Columbus: Lutheran Book Concern. 75 cents net.

Pierson, Clara Dillingham. The Millers and Their New Home. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

Poe, Edgar Allan, The Complete Poems of. Introduction by Charles F. Richardson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prentice, William Kelly. Greek and Latin Inscriptions. Part III of the Publications of an American Archæological Expedition to Syria 1899-1900. Century Co.

Price, W. T. The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle. W. T. Price.

Rankin, Carroll Watson. The Adopting of Rosa Marie. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Ruskin, John. Poems. With an Essay by G. K. Chesterton. E P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

Sinclair, Upton. The Money Changers. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Swan, Mark E. Top o' the World. A Once Upon a Time Tale. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Stall, Sylvanus. Talks to the King's Children. Philadelphia: The Vir Publishing Co. $1.00 net.

Tappan, Eva March. American Hero Stories. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Tariff Revision. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Tower of London. Painted by John Fulleylove. Described by Arthur Poyser, Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Tudor Facsimile Texts: The Disobedient Child—The Trial of Treasure—New Custom—The Nature of the Four Elements. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

Tomlinson, Everett T. Mad Anthony's Young Scout. A Story of the Winter of 1777-78. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Trench, Herbert. Apollo and the Seaman, and Other Lyrics. Henry Holt & Co.

Tyrol. Painted by E. Harrison Compton. Described by W. A. Baillie-Grohman. Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Valera, Juan. Pepita Jiménez. D. C. Heath & Co. 90 cts.

Van Rensselaer Bowier Manuscripts. Translated and edited by A. J. F. van Laer. Albany: University of the State of New York.

Wallace, Edgar. Angel Esquire. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Wright, Charles H. H. Light from Egyptian Papyri on Jewish History Before Christ. London: Williams & Wingate.

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